NEW MASSES

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WHAT ABOUT EUROPE'S JEWS?

by WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

PERSPECTIVES AFTER TEHERAN

A MILITARY SURVEY BY COLONEL T. AND A POLITICAL ESTIMATE BY THE EDITORS

SLEEPY LAGOON: CALIFORNIA NIGHTMARE

by Joseph North

WHY INDIA STARVES by Darshan S. Sangha

ORGANIZING THE 3,000,000 by Abram Flaxer

FROM BIZET TO BILLY ROSE — A REVIEW OF "CARMEN JONES" BY HARRY TAYLOR

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

WE'VE been trying to think of some original variation on the old, old remark about time flying. What brought *that* up, you want to know? Oh, just a few minutes of reviewing the results of our sub drive so far. Was it really September—about four months ago—that we embarked on the campaign to get 5,000 new subscribers by the first day of 1944? It seems like only yesterday (some cliches we *like*) that we issued the first appeal—in some trepidation, we confess. Five thousand is a big figure in any language, and we weren't allowing such a tremendous lot of time. But then, we weren't being at all vague about the plan of campaign: it was, when you looked at it, pretty simple—that each of our readers should try to get one more subscriber. Naturally, not everyone succeeded. Some people just literally "don't have a minute," especially in these times. Others were stymied by certain individual circumstances. Some, no doubt, felt that there were other readers who could do it more easily and it should be left to them. We won't go into these reasons at this point. On the whole, our plan *has* worked though the deadline hasn't arrived yet and there's still work to be done if we're to go over the top.

Now we have another plan; or, rather, one that supplements the first. You've heard it before, but now is the time to present it again—now or never. We're referring, of course, to our Christmas gift subscription offer. Yes, we know—Santa Claus is just around the corner and isn't it pretty late to be telling him what to bring your friends? But that's just the point: it isn't, especially in this case. Almost nobody, so far as we have observed, really gets all his Christmas shopping done until a week or a few days before Christmas itself. There's always somebody, or two or three people, whom you've left till last because you couldn't think of exactly the right thing for them. Then there's the rush for the nearest department store, the fight with the other last-minute stragglers, the discovery that "the right thing" has been all bought up before you even thought of it. In the case of an NM sub, no such hurry and harassment occurs. All you have to do is fill out the sub order and we'll take care of the rest, including the special NM gift card. If you want to take care of two or three people this way, you will save money besides: five dollars for one annual sub; nine dollars for two; twelve for three; and three dollars more for each one additional.

We've stressed the time element because we know how it nags at so many people right now. But of course that's not the best reason for letting us help fill Christmas stockings with fifty-two issues of NM. We think it's a darned good present, one that lasts for a whole year, that gives pleasure as well as information, and is unique among magazines for helping you to understand this whirling globe and to know what to do about it. And we believe that it will be an even better weapon as time goes on. At least, we're working toward that, we always are, but this time with a very special sort of New Year's resolution before us, one that we're trying to make measure up to the immense potentialities of 1944. Those 5,000 new subs would help us toward that goal. Remember that, too, when you fill in your sub orders.

HAVE you been following Joseph North's series on America at war? We'd like to hear from you too about them. Ever so many readers have written or told us already what they think of the first two articles published (the third appears on page 16 of this issue) and their comments give us a nice little tingle of satisfaction. Aside from the unstinting praise of the quality of the reporting, most readers express their appreciation of the very fact that they are getting a comprehensive picture of the home front—a subject too much neglected in the press as a whole but one that evidently rates high in interest. There will be five articles altogether in the series, and the next two will appear shortly.

WE HAVE some other "specials" on tap: for example, Richard O. Boyer's profile of Morris U. Schappes, one of America's finest and most seasoned fighters in the battle against fascism, now imprisoned by his country's enemies. There is also an article on the Canadian political scene by Stanley B. Ryerson, author of the recently published book *French Canada*. And a piece by A. B. Magil on Joseph Stalin, on the occasion of his forthcoming sixty-fourth birthday. Two other articles that deserve special mention are a survey by California manpower problems by Donald Law, and a discussion of the 1944 outlook for little business, by Frank J. Wallace.

FROM Earl Conrad, author of the recently published *Harriet Tubman*, we have a letter that deserves printing in full:

"It is a great pleasure to note that my story of Harriet Tubman is being listed as a combination offer with NEW MASSES. If the present response is any indication, you will very probably have numerous sales of that combination. Although the book has been out only a short time, and no money at all has been spent on advertising, a second printing of 5,000 copies has been ordered.

"My book was 'baptized' recently in that political hotbed, Detroit. It was my good fortune to speak at the annual meeting of the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, which was held there. Afterward the book moved very rapidly until there were no more copies on hand.

"I hope your listing of it brings you Negro subscribers, for the Negro people need NEW MASSES as much as white progressives need to know about the Negro people."

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THIS WEEK — December 21, 1943

NEW MASSES SPOTLIGHT

Editorial Comment 3
Perspectives After Teheran The Editors 6
Toward Invasion Colonel T 8
Those Tell-Tale Ads O. T. Ring 9
Why India Starves Darshan H. Sangha 10
What About Europe's Jews? William Zukerman 12
Cartoon William Gropper 15
Sleepy Lagoon's Nightmare Joseph North 16
Planned Science, Free Scientists William Rudd 19
The Lesson Is "Organize" Abram Flaxer 21

REVIEW AND COMMENT

Wild River Dorothy Brewster 23
Home-front Enemies Alan Benoit 24
Songs of the People Lawrence Barth 26

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Meet Carmen Jones Harry Taylor 27
Three Films Daniel Prentiss 28
Bloch and Mahler Paul Rosas 30
Progressives' Almanac 31

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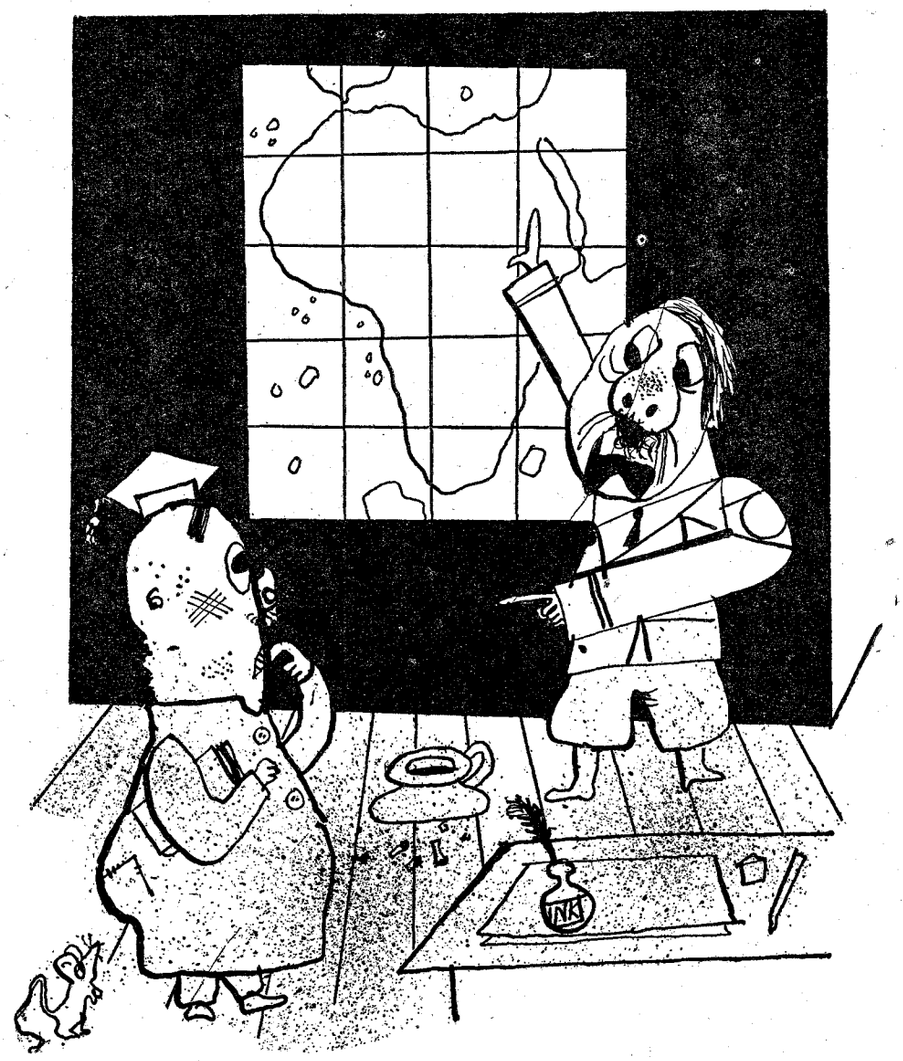
NM SPOTLIGHT

Help to Tito

THE array of democratic figures who comprise Yugoslavia's new provisional government is in itself a guarantee that when the Allies assault the Balkans they will have the staunchest friends to make the task easier. Contrast, for example, the president of the government, Dr. Ivan Ribar, with Premier Bozidar Purich of King Peter's royal collection of antiques in Cairo. Ribar is a distinguished lawyer with a brilliant record as champion of Yugoslav federated unity and freedom. Purich, the voice of the greater Serb chauvinists who control the emigre cabinet, has a black past as disciple of the Belgrade crowd who brought the country to the edge of the grave. And as for Marshal Tito, who is now Deputy of National Defense, to mention him in the same breath with the ineffable Mikhailovich is in itself political blasphemy. Tito is to Mikhailovich what, let us say, an Eisenhower is to an Al Capone. Every portfolio in the new government is in the hands of men who speak for the real Yugoslavia, men who have bent every effort toward ridding the country of the invader while Peter's cohorts tan themselves under the Egyptian sun.

Our government can do no less than deal with Ribar and Tito—these good and devoted friends. That will be small repayment for the thousands of American soldiers whose lives will have been saved by the fact that the Partisan Army has greatly reduced the size of the enemy we shall have to meet in the Balkans. London has acknowledged that Tito is fighting the Nazis and therefore deserves greater aid than Mikhailovich. Washington has also accepted the principle that greater lend-lease assistance be extended to those actually engaging the Germans in battle. If this principle is pursued faithfully, then Mikhailovich should not be given a speck of help, for the only fighting he has done has been against Yugoslavia's liberators. The new government, therefore, deserves utmost consideration not only in having its representatives included in the Allied Mediterranean Commission but in the allocation of the materials of war, especially now that the Wehrmacht has again launched a campaign to annihilate Tito's forces. The Nazis failed in the past and they will fail once more. For Tito's men, like the stars in the heavens, are too numerous to count and beyond reach. But with our unstinting aid the Yugoslav theater will be cleared of the oppressor even sooner than anyone ever thought.



"Dr. Haushofer, I order you to remove Cairo and Teheran from all maps at once."

USSR-Czech Pact

THE Moscow, Teheran, and Cairo conferences have laid the groundwork upon which an edifice of collective effort during the war and collective security following it can be erected. A girder of that structure has been quickly put in place. Less than a fortnight after Teheran it is announced from Moscow that the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia have signed a treaty of friendship and mutual assistance. As we go to press the full text of the treaty has not been published, but the dispatches indicate that it follows the lines of the Anglo-Soviet twenty-year alliance.

President Eduard Benes has hailed the treaty as "a new, great source of inspiration" to those of his compatriots now under Nazi domination. He thus emphasizes its wartime role. In addition, we may recall that of all the small nations of Central Europe Czechoslovakia was the one which before the war stood out as being most democratic and most friendly to the Soviet Union. Today President Benes and his government are conspicuous among the exiled governments for remaining faithful to the true interests of their people. In sharp contrast to the semi-feudal fascists who dominate the Polish government-in-exile, Dr. Benes and his associates have refused to fall for the *cordon sanitaire* machinations of those who still fear the Soviet Union more than they do Hitler.

It is known that negotiations for the treaty which has now been signed had been going on for many months between representatives of the two governments con-

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cerned. The long delay in concluding the agreement is generally blamed upon conservative British influence which was apparently opposed to the establishment of separate treaties between the Soviet Union and small nations until an over-all political accord had been reached among the leading powers. Moscow and Teheran disposed of that objection, and Dr. Benes promptly went to the Soviet capital to complete the treaty which he had so long desired. The pact is a pledge of mutual aid and friendship which is being dramatically sealed by the fact that a Czechoslovak brigade is fighting side by side with the Red Army on the Eastern Front.

Japanese Anti-Fascists

SENSATIONAL news from inside Japan and from the Japanese Anti-War League in China is now reaching us via Allied Labor News. In a sensational scoop the ALN China correspondent, Israel Epstein, is cabling to this country a series of stories obtained from Japanese anti-fascists and Japanese prisoners of war within China. The first three dispatches describe conditions in Japan up to Pearl Harbor. Later ones will carry the story into the period of war after Pearl Harbor. The entire series deserves closest study by officials and private citizens. One of the items stressed in the first cables is "that against the background of the ever closer alliance between the Tokyo war lords and finance capitalists, so long considered 'liberal' by the western world, the Japanese workers alone can be the basis of a democratic movement of all sections of Nippon society—peasants, white collar workers, small traders and minor industrialists to whom the war brings only ruin, slavery, and death." That in itself is not an altogether new revelation, though it deserves constant repetition until its lesson has been learned. What is new is the information that during 1941, at the height of the preparations for war against the United States and Great Britain, a wave of strikes in Japan's war industries threatened to shake the country to its foundations. In April of that year more than 100,000 workers staged a version of the sitdown strike in the great Kawasaki dockyards and in the Kobe factories of the Mitsubishi trust. The immediate cause of the strike and the first demand of the workers had to do with food rations, but very quickly anti-war slogans began to appear. The strike was smashed by government troops and by the arrest of 20,000 workers. While four alleged leaders (significantly three foremen and a factory official) were shot and twenty-four others deported to the colonies, not one of the strikers divulged the names of the strike organizers.

In this alone we have irrefutable proof of Japanese disunity, a disunity of which we must learn to take maximum advantage. Simultaneously the Japanese Anti-War League in China and, in this country, the Japanese-American Committee for Democracy, organized to help the United Nations defeat the common enemy—the militarist-financial oligarchy that rules fascist Japan. It is time we recognized the importance of these groups, helped them establish contact with each other and, eventually, with their anti-fascist comrades trapped inside Japan.

An Outrageous Ruling

EARL BROWDER is a Kansan, the son of a Kansan, whose forefathers fought in the ragged army of General Washington for the freedom and independence of the colonial settlers. Earl Browder grew up in the tradition of struggle against oppression and tyranny, and not by accident became a part of the American labor movement and a Communist.

Earl Browder is married and has three sons who attend public school in Yonkers, N. Y. The oldest son is a leading debater on his high school team. The second son is busy with his chemistry set working on a new experiment to turn a yellow liquid instantaneously into a blue solution. The youngest is making clay ashtrays for the family's Christmas. Their mother was born in France, lived in Russia during her youth. She keeps house for the family, her hands full with three large noisy boys who mess up the carpets just after she has swept them.

In 1940, when Earl Browder, general secretary of the American Communist Party, was considered a pariah by the best people because he insisted that the national interest of the United States demanded close relations with the USSR and China, Mrs. Browder was ordered separated from her family and deported. The assumptions for this ruling were: (1) she came from the Soviet Union and unless she expressed hostility to the Soviet government, she must be considered ineligible to remain in the United States; and (2) she refused to denounce her husband's activities.

Such was the "case" against Raissa Browder. In the Hitler-inspired Red-baiting days of 1940, an order for Mrs. Browder's deportation was upheld by the Board of Immigration Appeals. But when the same Board in the late fall of 1943 reiterated its former ruling now that the hysterical false assumptions of those by-gone days are revealed as inimical to the security of our nation, that ruling is inexplicable. It passes belief. Yet the Board of Immigration Appeals has declared that Raissa Browder is to be separated from her husband, an American citizen, and from her three children, also American citizens, and she is to be deported—the only case of its kind on record.

The ruling is an affront to every moral value of the war. The issue it raises is one of elementary fair play. The editors of NEW MASSES hope that the persecution of Raissa Browder will arouse decent Americans, regardless of political affiliations, to demand, in the interests of human dignity, the reversal of this shameful action by the Board of Immigration Appeals.

Charlie and Edgar

IT ISN'T often that the dummy misses the ventriloquist's line but that was the case when Alfred Landon spoke one day and shortly thereafter had Herbert Hoover explain what he really meant. Before a meeting of Republican junior senators, Landon had burst forth against the Moscow agreements, warning Republicans that it would be "disastrous" for the country if they endorsed them. Hooover, who is a somewhat wilier elder statesman, promptly took Landon in hand and issued a statement in his behalf that Landon is not against the Moscow agreements and is, in fact, a proponent of putting identical foreign relations planks in the Democratic and Republican platforms. And so Republican strategy as designed by Hoover was readjusted.

From the record it is clear that neither Hoover nor Landon are friends of the kind of international collaboration which the President achieved. The actual differences between the ex-President and the ex-would-be-President are the differences of two peas in the same pod. Both men are neo-isolationists of the American Century variety: the United States is to stand aloof from a concert of nations if it cannot be top dog. Landon is simply more direct in expressing his opposition to international harmony, while Hoover would like to make his attack obliquely, avoiding the alienation of what is obviously overwhelming sentiment for White House foreign policy. Therefore, Hoover supplied his more experienced touch to modify Landon's rashness. It seems not to have clicked. For example, the New York *Herald Tribune*, a Republican voice, noted that the "effect of the Hoover-Landon position is to undermine the foundations [the Moscow agreements] already brilliantly laid by spreading vague fears [the "border issue," etc.] lest these elements of the superstructure be not completed in accordance with their ideas."

Landon last week also announced that Governor Dewey was his favorite for the Republican presidential nomination. Landon, naturally, would not extend a helping hand if Silent Tom and he were poles apart on central domestic and foreign issues. And Silent Tom has said nothing

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about Moscow, Cairo, or Teheran—a silence, it would not surprise us, advised by the same elder statesman who explained Landon to Landon.

Travesty of Justice

BY THE time this is read the prison gates will have slammed shut behind Morris U. Schappes, and the stalwart democrat will begin a sentence of eighteen months to two years. His crime? He foresaw the menace of Hitlerism before the nation generally was on the *qui vive*. And for this a champion of anti-fascism is removed from battle when every soldier of democracy is needed at the parapets. To cap the irony he goes to jail at the very moment when all who hate Hitlerism are celebrating Teheran and Cairo—those historic landmarks of world anti-fascist unity—a consummation for which this outstanding progressive gave so many years of his young life.

America cannot afford to be prodigal of its best sons; patriots will not be silent merely because the prison walls silence Mr. Schappes. Shall we be quiet while William Randolph Hearst, Roy Howard, and other pro-fascists gloat over the imprisonment of a "premature anti-fascist"? All men of good will, regardless of political affiliation, must recall the words of Lloyd Paul Stryker, a conservative attorney who represented Schappes before the Supreme Court's Appellate Division; Mr. Stryker described the trial as "appalling" and "the most unfair I have ever seen." Chief Justice Irving Lehman of the Court of Appeals, it will be recalled, found the evidence "insufficient to sustain a finding of guilt of perjury in the first degree upon the theory on which the case was tried." Former Solicitor Henry Epstein called the trial a "travesty of justice." Nonetheless, Morris Schappes is today in jail.

Mr. Schappes, all of us know, gave unstintingly of his time and talents to a diversity of progressive activities: he fought for trade unionism, for improved public education, he waged battle as organizer, as teacher, as writer. In the latter capacity, we on NEW MASSES have come to know him well. He is one of us: and his enforced absence from the fray will strike us in a very personal, as well as professional, way. We will miss his sharp pen when it is most needed. We cannot afford his absence this coming year and a half, or two, when all hands must be on deck to do whatever is humanly possible to contribute to victory, to help guarantee the peace. Therefore, we particularly ask NEW MASSES readers to join us in appeals to Gov. Thomas Dewey, State Capitol, Albany, New York. A torrent of letters and telegrams urging Schappes' pardon may well convince the governor that this tragic miscarriage of justice will not be brooked by forward-looking men of all political persuasions.

Ten Years After

George Dimitrov

DO YOU recall that wintry evening early in 1933 when Hitler's mad mob set the torch to the Reichstag in Berlin? The Nazis, jubilant, drunk with power, rushed through the streets, revolvers in hand, hunting for Communists—the Communist "incendiaries." Now was their chance to foist on the world the greatest lie of all time—that they were the protectors of Europe against the "Bolshevist colossus." They would deal with the Communists: break them, ruin them, kill them.

But it came to pass that it was not the Communists alone whom the Nazis hunted and slaughtered. When they said Communist they meant every decent and honest person as well. And so Jews were trampled upon and along with them Catholics and Protestants, trade unionists and scholars, democrats, socialists.

The flames that leaped out of the Reichstag building were to sear and blacken and scorch the earth. The perpetrators of a global conspiracy "discovered" the incendiaries and among them was a Bulgarian labor leader and Communist, George Dimitrov. The Nazis set up a "court of justice" in Leipzig. There they would hold their sham proceedings, parade the "criminals" and delude the world that fascism was almighty. But they did not reckon with George Dimitrov. In the presence of his and the world's enemies he raised his voice and said: you are the guilty. His words were the sparks that kindled the new fire of anti-fascism. He stood before Hermann Goering and showered him with scorn. He denounced the Hitlerites as the fomenters of war. And Dimitrov's fearlessness became the symbol of the anger that would one day cascade onto the battlefield to inundate the Nazi hordes.

In the end Dimitrov forced the Nazis to release him. And he spoke to the world: "The first thing that must be done, the thing with which to begin, is to form a united front, to establish unity of action in every country, all over the world." He repeated again and again the urgent need for unity among all democrats, for unity between Communists and non-Communists.

And his words have borne fruit. Unity has turned the tide against the enemy. Unity was the seed that flowered into the Pact of the United Nations —the decisions of the Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran Conferences. Unity is what has brought millions of different races and creeds to the threshhold of a happier and more peaceful world.

And again it is men and women of diverse political convictions—bound together by the will to victory—who will pay tribute to George Dimitrov on this tenth anniversary of the Reichstag fire trial. At a meeting in New York's Carnegie Hall on December 22 artists and writers, trade unionists and political leaders will join in honoring Dimitrov and the unity for which he fought and was prepared to give his life. There will be Arthur Garfield Hays, general counsel of the American Civil Liberties Union, who attended the Leipzig trials; Louis Adamic, the author; Lillian Hellman, the playwright; Philip Van Gelder, secretary-treasurer of the Marine and Shipbuilding Workers Union; Earl Browder, secretary of the Communist Party; and Dr. Channing Tobias, member of the national board of the YMCA. Howard Fast, author of "Citizen Tom Paine" and other works, has written a play for the occasion.

As Earl Browder put it in these pages recently: "Let the story of Dimitrov and the Leipzig trial be spread far and wide, as an inspiration to the people of all lands, and as an instruction of the type of men required for the destruction of Nazism and its agents everywhere in the world."

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PERSPECTIVES AFTER TEHERAN

By the Editors

FUTURE historians when they come to sift the scintillant events of Cairo and Teheran will be struck immediately by the joy and enthusiasm which followed these epochal conferences. They will be quick to sense that for the first time in the midst of war there was created the most satisfying prospect for a lasting peace. In fact, these recorders of our times will discern that they themselves were beneficiaries of deeds that gave them opportunity for reflection in an atmosphere of freedom and good will. And the Americans among them will have to hunt carefully through their thesauri for words rich enough in praise of one of the architects who helped design a world fit for mankind. For it is now clear, and it will be more so as the days ahead unfold, that in President Roosevelt our country possesses a great defender of international collaboration to safeguard the nation's security. The President, carefully biding his time, waiting for the tactical moment, moved step by step with the country towards unity with our leading allies. He showed himself a master strategist and displayed an extraordinary talent to enact into practice principles which lesser men have also held but to which they were never able to give the fire and breath of life. All of us are immeasurably indebted to him.

Where there was not joy to greet his superb achievement there was petty criticism devoid of sense or meaning. A handful of dyspeptic liberals rallied their neuroses for an onslaught against Teheran simply because the documents that came out of that session did not conform to their privately constructed dreams. Walter Lippmann, in a refreshing column in the New York *Herald Tribune* of December 9, described these professional mourners as people "so weighed down by unsolved problems of the future that they could find little satisfaction in the results achieved at Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran." Among those who waved black crepe was that master of the non-sequitur, Edgar Ansel Mowrer, to whom the globe is nothing but a sour apple. Writing in the New York *Post* and Lord knows where else, Mowrer, insisted that Teheran would prove to be a bitter disappointment to the United Nations. One might think after listening to his whimpering that he was the universally appointed tribune of two billion people. He arrogated the right to speak for them. Actually, however, he was merely echoing the sentiment of an evil minority in Polish and other circles who naturally were highly displeased with the fact that the Soviet Union was not to be fenced around with buffer states. Mowrer may proclaim himself a devout anti-fascist, but in the moment of anti-fascism's greatest political triumph he could only pour scorn on what millions of men have died for—an international entity that would end the war quickly and bring rest and calm afterward.

He was, of course, not alone. His colleague on the same paper, Dorothy Thompson, leaped before she looked and again revealed her fantastic political instability. She apologized lamely for her first brazen essay on the Teheran Conference. But apologies can hardly undo the damage. And it must be said that Miss Thompson, who is so devoted to principle that she lambasted the Teheran document for being entirely devoid of any, violates the simple principle of thinking before rushing to her typewriter. Her opinions often seem to be those of the person with whom she spoke last. Her willingness to reverse herself is not a sign of flexibility. It is more the token of a patch-work philosophy with a mish-mash of color and design.

But there are those who should know better and have the leisure and experience to think problems through. There is, for example, Sumner Welles. He has yet to comment on the Cairo-Teheran meetings and he may have done so by the time this issue appears on the newsstands. But his response to the achievements of the Moscow Conference was decidedly more that of some of his backward former colleagues in the State Department than that of the Sumner Welles we knew as Undersecretary of State. Where Mr. Hull relinquished many of his prejudices, Mr. Welles acquired some. In his first article in the New York *Herald Tribune* of December 1, Mr. Welles greeted the Joint Four-Nation Declaration as "the first great political step taken . . . toward the construction of a stable international order." But he has fears, it would seem, that the leading coalition will overlook the rights of the smaller nations. His fears strangely coincide with those expressed in a recent statement by ten Catholic bishops and by William Bullitt, the man who tried to become the mayor of Philadelphia after having learned to surrender such cities as Paris.

THE fact is, of course, that the Moscow declarations mention specifically and clearly that in the system of international cooperation provision is made "for the inclusion of all other nations, great and small. . . ." That guarantee is reinforced in the Teheran accord and in the declaration on Iran. In other words the whole "issue" of the small nations is indeed fraudulent and is being exploited to a lesser or greater degree by those who have old scores to settle or by those who are enemies of a union of the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union. The overriding truth is that peace and prosperity for the small nations can only come as the fruit of peace among the great powers themselves. The history of the last postwar decades is evidence that the small countries were the pawns of larger ones engaged in a battle of power politics against each other and mainly against the USSR. And if these tragic years are not to be repeated and the small nations permitted to work out their own futures, it will out of compelling necessity have to take place within the framework of the Moscow-Cairo-Teheran agreements. Actually the small nations have already participated in such vital projects as the Hot Springs Food Conference and in the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation meeting in Atlantic City. No one can foretell in detail what Europe's future will be, but its direction is apparent from the two meetings of the trinity.

FOR four brief days, therefore, Teheran was the capital of mankind, of everything decent and alive and hopeful in the world. And now, as President Roosevelt returns to his own capital, what can he expect to find? How much of the spirit of Teheran and Cairo pulsates in Washington?

On the day the Moscow radio announced that Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill had met in Teheran the United States Senate voted to deprive eleven million American soldiers and sailors of the right to vote in next year's presidential election. Against the imperishable deeds of Teheran and Cairo was raised this craven act of the little men, the Byrds and Tafts and Baileys venting their spleen against the future. And it is this same gang that are conspiring against the people's bread and butter, against the stability of the home front and the unity of the nation by their scurrilous campaign against subsidies. What a spectacle this Congress is making of itself, what a travesty on democratic government! Surely, no president of the United States, bearing the huge burden of leadership in the greatest crisis in history, ought to be compelled to go through the terrible ordeal of passing from Teheran to the Washington of the poll-taxers and defeatists—*the Washington which is not America.*

But coming home, President Roosevelt will also find that the conscience of America does not sleep, that the great tidal forces which brought into being the structure of Teheran and Cairo also move

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through the plain men and women of America. They are speaking up against the subsidy-killers with such power that already that whole situation is assuming a new color, while the protest against the betrayal of the soldiers is jolting the members of Congress and raising the perspective of a reversal. And the antics of the Copperheads in and out of Congress have moved Speaker Sam Rayburn to sound a forceful warning against those who spread the plague of disunity within the country and between us and our allies. Rayburn does not even remotely resemble a New Dealer, nor has he been noted for aggressive support of the administration program. That he has found it necessary to speak out is evidence both that the poll-tax Democrats and tory Republican cabal have overreached themselves and that public opinion is strongly behind the efforts of the President to win the war as quickly as possible and build an enduring peace. The speech of Charles E. Wilson, executive vice chairman of the War Production Board, to the convention of the National Association of Manufacturers was also in the same spirit.

IN THE fight to save subsidies the thousands of letters that have been pouring in on members of Congress from housewives, farmers (the genuine dirt variety), labor unions, consumers' organizations and civic groups are beginning to produce results. And last week four hundred representatives of labor, farm, consumer, and white collar organizations, meeting in Washington under the auspices of the Congressional Committee for Protection of Consumers, which includes more than sixty congressmen, talked turkey to the members of the House and Senate whom they visited. The press is already speaking of "a change of attitude" on the part of the Senate and the probability that even if the Senate passes the subsidy ban, it will not be by a large enough vote to override a Presidential veto.

The same sort of campaign needs to be organized in behalf of the soldiers' right to vote. To win on these two issues is to help make certain that President Roosevelt's signature on the Teheran and Cairo declarations will be endorsed by deeds and not cancelled by the machinations of a reckless minority who attack their own country from within at the very moment when it is preparing the decisive assault on the fascist enemy, an assault which will cost the lives of many thousands of those whom these home-front saboteurs are trying to deprive of the franchise.

To win on these two issues is to strengthen the outlook for the 1944 elections. Here labor's responsibility for leadership is particularly great. The fight for the soldiers' vote and for subsidies is the fight to keep America moving today and next November on the path of Teheran and Cairo.

None So Blind . . .

THE best that can be said for the convention of the National Association of Manufacturers, the so-called Second War Congress of American Industry, which met in New York last week, is that it was not as truculently anti-war and anti-administration as last year's gathering. But it paid just as little attention to the problems of war production and the difficult struggle for total victory as did the 1942 congress. And it was just as jittery and lacking in faith in the capitalist system, and just as harrowed by hobgoblins of "socialism" as the congresses that have been held for the past eight or nine years. As for the future—the postwar period—the NAM was just as devoid of constructive ideas, just as reluctant to yield up the myths and shibboleths of an outworn age as it has been since it was founded forty-eight years ago. The NAM met shortly after the announcement of the Teheran conference, but there was no evidence that that world-shaking event had shaken the assembled tycoons out of their accustomed phobias and obsessions.

The sensation of the convention was the speech of Charles E. Wilson, executive vice chairman of the War Production Board. The man who until he joined the WPB was the $175,000-a-year head of General Electric talked from the heart to his former colleagues. In contrast to all the effervescent chatter about the miracles that big business could achieve in the postwar period if only government lets it was Wilson's sober insistence that "the war in Europe seems likely to tax both our capacity for sacrifice and our capacity for industrial production beyond anything we have experienced so far." And he concluded with a warning against the very temper of this NAM convention. "Too many of us, I fear, have lost sight of our real goals and purposes in this war. Too many people are trying to position themselves for the postwar period long before the country is out of danger and long before our fighting men have any chance to position themselves. . . . I am deeply alarmed today over the possibility that a right-wing reaction may draw some sections of capital so far away from our traditions as to imperil the entire structure of American life as we know it."

That this warning was very much to the point was evident from the speeches of such men as Frederick C. Crawford, outgoing president of the NAM and the new chairman of its board; H. W. Prentis, Jr., chairman of the legislative policies commission and past president of the NAM; and J. Cheever Cowdin, chairman of the committee on government finance. Crawford, for example, one of the worst business tories in the country, attacked the Four Freedoms, particularly freedom from fear and freedom from want. "Only a man in jail can enjoy the Four Freedoms," he said. Prentis delivered his annual dissertation on the founding fathers, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, in the course of which he attacked the administration as standing for "national socialism." Prentis' special qualifications to speak with authority on these matters are revealed in John Roy Carlson's *Under Cover*, which describes him as one of the "warmest friends" of John B. Snow, "gentleman fascist," distributor of Nazi propaganda and instigator of anti-Negro discrimination in the public schools of Hillburn, N. Y.

It is evident from Wilson's speech and from the critical comments on the Republicans in Congress contained in a recent article by Thomas W. Lamont in the *Saturday Review of Literature* that the cleavage in the ranks of big business on the attitude toward the war is developing further. It is likely to be an important factor in the postwar period. For it is clear that the NAM mentality is actually the worst enemy of "free enterprise," that is, capitalism, in the sense that the policies it advocates are certain to lead to economic breakdown. The more farsighted spokesmen for industry and finance are beginning to recognize that the cooperation of all sections of the population and the federal government will be just as necessary to solve the problems of production for peace as of production for war.

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FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

TOWARD INVASION

So far there have been three basic turning points in this global war. All three, through a strange coincidence, have occurred in early December. The Wehrmacht's first defeat on a grand scale at Moscow took definite shape the very day when the Japanese, unaware of what was befalling their partners, struck at Pearl Harbor. On that fateful day of December 7, 1941, the Wehrmacht not only lost its reputation for invincibility, but acquired a powerful enemy in the United States.

A year later the Wehrmacht in early December saw the double ring close on its Sixth Army Group before Stalingrad and, startled for the first time to the verge of panic, threw von Mannstein's relief army against that double ring. It was a gesture of desperation and a glaring acknowledgement of the fact that the German Army's first military disaster had been consummated. Two years later Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill met at Teheran and drove the key-bolt into the structure of global coalition strategy and "concerted their plans for the destruction of the German forces." The attack, the *common* attack, has been agreed upon in "scope and timing," and the operations will be undertaken "from east, west, and south."

So we see that two years have passed between Moscow, Pearl Harbor, and Teheran. During these years we pressed for the evolution of precisely that coalition strategy which has now been decided upon. In other words, to put it concretely, we had been pressing for the opening of a second front. This pressure was called in turn "un-American," "political," and "Communistic." Now the leading statesmen of the world have in fact transformed the popular pressure into a real agreement. It is quite clear that if Teheran had taken place soon after Pearl Harbor and the battle of Moscow, the war might have been shortened at least by several months. But, perhaps, certain things have to be learned the hard, long way, so the learning sticks.

Coalition strategy having been decided upon and outlined at Teheran, the famous second front in Europe has become a matter of the immediate future. The Teheran communiques speak of blows from east, west, and south. *East came first* because the Eastern Front is, and is destined to remain the most important land front. *West came second* because it is obviously intended as the other component of the great squeeze play which must come before Germany is on her knees. East and west are the great pincers. In Berlin the twain shall meet. *South comes last* because any operation against that famous soft "underbelly" of Europe is destined to be but a subsidiary operation with a twofold (but subsidiary) aim: to pin down a certain number of German forces and prevent them from helping to resist the big squeeze (east-west), and to protect the lines of communication between the arms of the big pincers (east-west). It is clear, as we have been saying for months on end, that no decision can be expected in the south.

The enormous northern theater seemingly was not mentioned for reasons of "disinformation" to the enemy, or maybe because it is supposed to wither away of itself.

So, roughly speaking, the picture in a couple of months might be this: the Red Army continues its offensive on the Eastern Front, an invasion by Anglo-American troops takes place across the Channel, and diversionary action is taken in the Mediterranean theater against southern France, northern Italy, Yugoslavia, and Greece. The pattern is extremely simple, as all great things are. What then are the chances and possibilities of the three-pronged land offensive?

Let us take the situation on the Eastern Front first. At the end of October the Red Army had pushed its first large salient west of the Dnieper to the near approaches to Krivoi Rog. There it was stopped by fierce German counter-attacks. But at that very moment General Tolbukhin's army group burst forth into the Nogai steppe, cut off the Crimea, routed the German army of the south and pushed a deep and sharp salient to Kinburn, on the not too distant approaches to Odessa. Scarcely had the Cossack vanguards reached the Dnieper opposite Kherson when General Vatutin went into heavy action at Kiev, seized the city and, in double-quick, thrust a menacing salient westward to reach Ovruch, Korosten, and Zhitomir. This salient was intended as a spear and as a shield. A spear pointing to Lvov and to the Carpathians and a shield, or cushion, protecting Kiev.

Precisely as Vatutin was reaching Zhitomir, General Rokossovsky plunged toward Gomel and across the Berezina, creating a pincer threat to Gomel while General Popov thrust toward Moghilev. The typical Soviet "rolling attack" rolled throughout November on three fronts totaling 800 miles (including the meanderings and curlicues). But the two adverse factors—a German feeling of immunity in the west, and the weather—soon made themselves felt. Von Mannstein assembled a huge striking force (no less than the force which hammered at the Kursk salient in July) and hurled himself at the main Soviet salient before Kiev. The huge battle of tanks and motorized infantry has been going on for almost a month. The Russians are using their salient as a huge grinding stone to reduce the German reserves. They gave way some, but in the main the salient has held out.

Up north rains, sleet, mud and marshes have almost stopped Rokossovsky who is waiting for the freeze. Down south General Konev took up the cudgels again in the beginning of December and is hammering his salient toward Kirovograd, clearing the bend of the Dnieper. In the extreme south both sides are marking time.

The performance of the Red Army during the past year, from Stalingrad to Kiev, Gomel, and Kirovograd has been such that it is quite reasonable to assume that its winter offensive this year will be more vigorous than the two preceding winter offensives. In other words the east will continue to move west. *Thus it may be assumed that, in the light of Teheran, the west will move east this winter. This is dictated by the very momentum of the Red Army operations.*

As to the place and scope of the invasion of Europe from the west, so much has

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been written here during the last year that it is superfluous to go over these problems again. Roughly speaking it should come across the "Ditch" soon, with probably a score of British divisions and two-score American divisions. From now on until "D-day" Germany should be subjected to alternating day-bombing by the USAAF and night-bombing by the RAF.

As to the south, the situation is much more complex in outline and much less decisive in purpose. Any action here should be designed to contain, not to crush. The Italian campaign will go on as it has so far, for the French have a proverb: *"Le vin est tire, il faut le boire"* (The wine is poured; it must be drunk). There will probably be a stab across the Adriatic, if the Law-Hull declarations of material help to Marshal Tito are quickly fulfilled. The stuff has to be delivered by more effective means than planes. A diversionary thrust into southern France looks likely, timed to coincide with the big blow in the west. The airdromes of Corsica and Sardinia should be more than ready by now.

The invasion of the Balkans through the "classical" route via Salonica is more difficult, especially in view of the recent British reverses in the Aegean. German planes are poised too close to Turkey for comfort and their bases ring Turkey from Akhtopol on the Black Sea to Cape Khelidonia, between Rhodes and Cyprus. Istanbul and Smyrna are within ninety and sixty miles, respectively, of the nearest German airdrome.

Allied troops in force are somewhere in Iran, Iraq, or Syria, to name only the places nearest to Turkey. They can enter Turkey from Aleppo in Syria, near the Gulf of Iskanderunch (Alexandretta). This is the only railway crossing Turkey. This railway makes a huge loop around Lake Taz Geul and the Axylon Plain (south of Ankara) and in the western sector of the loop, branches off to Smyrna and to Scutari (the Asiatic side of Istanbul). Roughly speaking, both Smyrna and Istanbul are some 700 miles from the point of entry on the Syrian border.

If Allied troops enter, the moment Turkey declares war Turkey will be attacked immediately. It will take Allied land forces at least a week to get their vanguards to the battle line in European Turkey and by that time Istanbul and Smyrna will be just a place on the map. After that Allied troops will necessarily arrive in driblets because the line is long and tenuous. They also pass through tunnels which it would not be impossible to bomb.

Turkey's decision must hinge on the thought about air power, which it does not have, and which the Germans still have in sufficient quantities to burn down Istanbul. Thus Turkey will probably sit tight until it sees that the Luftwaffe in the Balkans is either completely depleted or very, very busy. And without Turkey's help a drive against the Dodecanese is difficult, and hence an invasion through Greece is impossible. So it would seem that any action in the Balkans now would have to come across the Adriatic and not through the Aegean. Thus, once more, we see that little decisive action can be taken in the south, unless the Balkan countries revolt openly, and then—anything goes. But this is an imponderable.

The west is now The Thing.

THOSE TELL-TALE ADS

THE advertising columns of the Nazi press are often more revealing than the pages of news and comment. For in these columns the troubles of the ordinary citizen come to light without Dr. Goebbels' forcibly prescribed optimism. Take for example the classified "ads" of the Berlin *DAZ* (*Deutsche Algemeine Zeitung*)—a paper widely read by sections of the middle class, by some Junkers, and by state employees. Births are still proudly announced. There are many boys named Guenther, Peter, Hans, and Joachim. But interestingly enough none are christened Adolf, Paul, or Hermann. Parents, it would seem, do not like the idea of naming their children after Hitler, Goebbels, or Goering. In times past the birth of boys was announced in terms of "a new soldier for our fuehrer" or "a strong Hitler boy was born." Now nothing of this sort is to be found.

Money does not buy very much. That is the conclusion one draws from the advertisements in German newspapers. Apparently the only things offered for sale are paintings and stamps. Writes the *DAZ* art critic: "The art market is flooded with the products of bloody dilettantes. . . . Many of them would amass fortunes were they allowed to paint more than two paintings a month." Luggage seems to be in great demand. This boom is doubtless due to the bombings, which force the residents of entire cities to pack whatever is left and move on. Luggage, like other valuable things, can only be had by trading and barter. It cannot be obtained with money. Here are some of the classified advertisements: "Wanted—a bag made of leather or straw or any other material in exchange for two pairs of snow shoes; Wanted—a trunk, any size, and made out of any material—in exchange for a small piano or violin; Wanted—luggage, any kind, in exchange for a Persian rug, two chairs, a big Venetian lamp, mirrors, etc."

One advertiser hunts for a pair of lady's shoes, worn but in good condition. In return the advertiser offers two meters of garden hose. Somebody offers a pair of roller skates and a doll for a set of diapers. A baby carriage is sought in exchange for lamp shades, a table and two lockers. A rug is offered in return for combs and brushes. Turkish cushions are thought to be a good equivalent for two meters of stove pipe. And a marble statue of Schopenhauer, in addition to a complete set of leather-bound German classics, might be obtained for a boy's overcoat or pants. But who will want to exchange two sets of buffalo horns for glassware or plates? And who wants to trade a Siamese kitten ("eats everything") for a laundry basket?

THE number of obituary notices is restricted but those that appear are in a small way indicative of what is happening in Germany. During the first year of war the notices read: "He fell for Reich and Fuehrer"; or "he gave his life for Greater Germany's glory"; or "he found a hero's death for the victory of the Fatherland." In 1942, another note crept into the *DAZ* obituaries. Now it was "the Lord's decision" which took away "our beloved son in the flower of his youth." It was "with deep sorrow" that a family announced "the death at the front, by God's unfathomable will, of the last of three young sons." Gone were the defiant notices: "In proud sorrow, sleep well, my Heinrich. The youngsters are already playing soldiers." Gone are even the modest phrases: "He fell, loyal to his soldier's oath" or "he was killed in performance of his duty." Gone are such notices: "He died a hero's death, murdered by vile partisan brigands." Instead there are notices like this: "Our beloved father, uncle, son, Herr Oberleutnant Friedrich Gorschwitz, was taken away from us by an unthinkable, unfathomable fate. He was killed in a battle with partisans. He sleeps far away. With him the last male member of a four-hundred year-old family went to the other world." Or "Our youngest son Heinz follows his older brothers into the soldiers' grave. He was eighteen and had no furlough to see his parents once more. Overwhelmed by cruel pain and sorrow. . . ."

Pain, sorrow, and gloom are enveloping the people inside Germany. But in the words of the manifesto issued by students of Munich before they were beheaded for distributing anti-Nazi literature last spring: "The flame must spring from sorrow and discontent, the flame that must burn away the Nazi shame of Germany."

O. T. RING.

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AROUND THE WORLD

WHY INDIA STARVES

For months now India has been faced with the scourge of famine. Thousands die of starvation every day. The countryside is being turned into a desert through the forced migration of the hungry into the towns. And in the towns thousands roam the streets—destitute, without food and without hope of getting any. The figures of the numbers dying vary. In Bengal alone the *Hindustan Times* estimates the number to be many thousands each week. And Bengal, continues the *Times*, "is just one of the stricken provinces. The situation is just as acute, if not more so in Madras, Orissa, Bihar, Travancore, and Bombay provinces. So ghastly is the situation in Calcutta that it has already been given the name of 'the city of slow death.'" Famine in the districts of Burdwan and Midnapore is indescribably horrible. One dispatch pictures Bengal as an area where "Husbands have driven away their wives for lack of food. . . . Brothers have turned deaf ears to the pleas of hungry sisters. . . . Parents and children share food with beasts in the gutters. . . . Babies if not stillborn survive only a few minutes."

This is the ghastly picture of the "brightest jewel" of the British Empire and one of the most important bases of United Nations military operations against Japan. For Americans this crisis has special meaning, for it is in Bengal, Assam, and Bihar that many American soldiers are stationed. Death stalks around their camps with corpses of children lying in the streets and in the fields. Epidemics threaten and the lives of our own men are at stake.

Of course the government of India has enormous numbers of excuses for the existing famine. Famine is considered a natural and normal feature of Indian life which must take place every few years. In certain places famine is attributed to floods, cyclone, and drought. One area is said to be trying to starve another and vice versa. Everything and everybody is to blame except the government bureaucrats themselves.

The food crisis is part of the political crisis which developed after August 1942. Other contributing wartime factors are extensive and unchecked hoarding; profiteering and speculation by landlords and merchants; the failure of crops in some areas; the refusal of the administration to enlist popular support of the peasantry to increase food production; the export of food from India to the Middle East; inadequate transportation of grain from one area to another due to military priority on the railways; and the failure of the government to introduce an efficient democratic system of rationing and price control.

Even in normal times more than sixty percent of the Indian people live on a semi-starvation level. India's poverty can hardly be conceived by the western mind. The cause rests in the country's unbalanced economic structure and in the frightful exploitation of workers and peasants by feudal landlords and unscrupulous employers. Seventy-five percent of the people live off the land. Less than two percent are employed in modern industrial enterprises. Despite the huge potentialities of industrial expansion the development of Indian industry is deliberately retarded by the state for fear of competition with British manufactured goods.

Another reason for the food crisis is the outworn, overburdened agrarian system. Of all the usable land in India there is less than one acre and a quarter per head for that portion of the population which is directly supported by agriculture. The landlords makes it even worse. More than seventy-five percent of this land is owned by a handful of men while the seventy million peasant families are left with the remaining twenty-five percent. Even these small peasant holdings do not constitute compact units but are scattered all over the village area in tiny fragments. The tilling of these tiny plots by primitive methods is utterly uneconomic and contributes to the country's impoverishment. Nothing but the barest necessities of life are left to the peasant even in prosperous years after the exorbitant government taxes are paid and the moneylenders exact their pound of flesh.

The war has heightened the old crises. The overburdened economy is now even more hard pressed. And the political turmoil has intensified the whole state of affairs. The British have tried to defend India without the cooperation of the Indian people. So, too, the authorities attempt to alleviate the famine without enlisting popular support. The policy of the British government in India has been to align itself with the reactionary, privileged elements in Indian society. And today when the landlords have hoarded tremendous stocks of food and grain to sell later at higher prices, the British administration does not take decisive action against them, because these are the elements upon which the existence of British rule depends. To combat hoarding and profiteering, the government must command the support of the people. This the government in India does not have. Professor Gangulee, ex-member of the Royal Commission on Indian agriculture, has observed that: "Only a national government of the people of India can solve the food problem because the government will have the confidence of the people. The present government is an alien government and its administrative machinery is absolutely incapable of dealing with the present crisis."

The government of India introduced a price control system early this year which led to extensive hoarding. The police, while dealing strictly with the small shopkeeper, did not act against the landlords and the wholesale dealers. Even in areas where there is no famine, prices have leaped. Landlords and merchants reap huge profits at the expense of the entire nation. Even money has ceased to be a guarantee against starvation. This past summer the price of rice in Bombay increased 1,200 percent; flour, part of the staple diet, rose by more than 300 percent; coal by 200 percent; cloth by 400 percent. Tea went up from 100 in 1941 to 504 in December 1942. The price of foreign drugs has increased by 1,600 percent. It is estimated that all commodities have increased five to eight times in price. Some essential grains, salt, kerosene, oil, sugar, etc., are virtually unobtainable. Wages and income have not kept pace with inflated prices.

With the administration unable to solve the food crisis, and the national leaders still in prison, Japanese agents are busily instigating food riots among the starving. The Japanese radio asks the people to revolt. They also tell Indians that while the British are having their sumptuous eight-course meals, Indian subjects are dying by the thousands. Ba Maw, the Japanese puppet and premier of the so-called free Burma government, has broadcast that a million tons of surplus rice are lying in Burma. According to a United Press re-

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port from London, the Japanese have dropped bags of rice by parachute over Bengal and Assam. Subhas Chandra Bose, who heads the Japanese "provisional government of India" is sending propagandists into the country to sabotage Indian morale and spread distrust of the United Nations war effort.

Naturally these emissaries make headway, and some Indians have been misled into aiding these activities. This will continue as long as India's patriotic leaders remain behind bars. The political crisis has merged with the food crisis into an explosive situation. All this threatens victory over Japan and Lord Louis Mountbatten cannot hope to launch a successful offensive until the scene is relieved of famine and stupid politics.

THE famine did not develop overnight. Food shortages and riots have been common for over a year now. Patriotic people's organizations warned the government against the impending crisis again and again. As far back as May 1943, the All India Peasant League (Kisan Sabha) adopted a popular program to "grow more food" to speed victory. Since then steps have been taken to implement the decision. The peasantry has in many cases enthusiastically responded to the call of its organization. In some cases even the cooperation of patriotic landlords has been enlisted to aid the peasants.

In order to combat hoarding the Peasant League has opened up its own grain shops to distribute food at fair prices. The League has appealed to the peasants to sell their grain not to the hoarders but to the Peasant League. In Bengal, the Peasant League has negotiated with the government to buy the surplus grain and distribute it to the starving.

To increase food production on a grand scale, state assistance is essential because the impoverished peasants do not own the means to prosecute the campaign successfully. For instance, the government must provide seed as well as land for cultivation. So far this aid has not been forthcoming; instead peasant leaders have been prosecuted when pressing these campaigns. Despite obstructions the Peasant League has achieved substantial success in this field. And the battle still goes on.

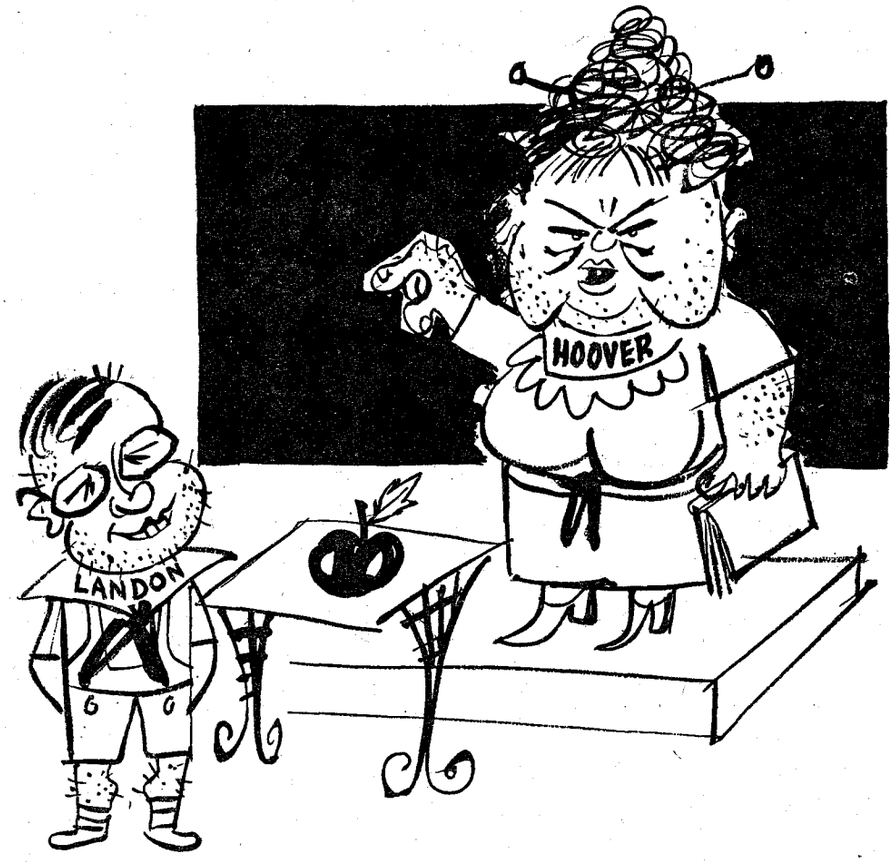
Contrast this magnificent work of the people's organizations with that of the bureaucracy. Fazal Haq, who recently resigned as Premier of Bengal stated that "during his absence in New Delhi the Governor of Bengal ordered the removal of certain 'surplus' stocks of rice amounting to 246,840,000 pounds from certain districts of Bengal, and advanced 2,000,000 rupees (without documents) to a certain firm to cover purchase and removal of rice." This is done while the people of Bengal are starving. This story of Mr. Haq has not been denied by the Governor. Since then the Governor resigned his office.

Most outstanding in alleviating the famine is the work of the Communist Party of India. The Party, in cooperation with the trade unions and Peasant League, is leading the workers and peasants to increase war goods and food production. The Communists are fighting tooth and nail to combat Japanese subversive activities. The Party resolution on food production reads: "Patriotism demands of the *kisan* (peasant) that he unite to grow more food, to solve the food crisis, to feed the army that defends his land, to feed the worker who makes goods for the army and for the people." Led by the Communists, workers of fifty Bombay textile mills volunteered to work on Sundays in order to relieve severe cloth shortage. The Party has also organized hundreds of food committees in towns and countryside. Through these food committees, food is acquired for the people and many food riots and much bloodshed is averted. On these committees work representatives of all groups and parties. Congress-Moslem League unity is in this practical way forged by the Communist Party. In the city of Chittagong, mainly through the initiative of the Communists, 400 relief kitchens were opened to feed the hungry. For this, half of the funds are solicited from the well-to-do citizens and the rest obtained from the state. Some of the most outstanding Congressmen and Moslem League leaders have paid tribute to the accomplishments of the Communist Party in this field.

THE Communist Party, together with the trade unions, Peasant League and the student movement, has put forward a practical program to end the famine and has demanded (1) that government control of all stocks, stores in public warehouses be under the supervision of people's food committees, which would help in the control of supplies and the regulation of prices; (2) guarantees of fair prices to the peasants for their grain products; (3) that the prices should be brought within the purchasing capacity of the ordinary consumer; (4) since it is clear that only a national government can solve the food problem, the need for national unity leading to a national government become imperative.

Despite this magnificent work of the labor organizations, the all-round situation has become worse and the crisis has deepened. Immediate relief must be sent to India before millions more die. America has the means to extend this aid. Let the people's organizations urge their government to send food and press the British government to reopen negotiations with the Indian national leaders to end the political crisis. For it is only the establishment of a national government that can effectively adjust the national economy to war needs and solve the food problem.

DARSHAN S. SANGHA.



"Now, Alfred, you really didn't mean to throw that spitball, did you?"

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WHAT ABOUT EUROPE'S JEWS?

Hitler's anti-Semitic blitz which is annihilating millions has produced its counter blitz in Europe. William Zukerman examines same psychological factors in the problem.

OF ALL the dark crimes committed by the Nazis this year, one stands out above all others for its uniqueness, magnitude, inhuman quality and total disregard of all moral values. This crime is the Nazi extermination of the Jews in Europe, which has been going on since the outbreak of the war and has reached its height in 1943. There is a certain dramatic poignancy about this event reminiscent of another foul crime in history which stands out in the mind of Christian humanity as a symbol of the greatest tragedy in the last two thousand years. One might follow step by step the road which the Jews have traveled since the rise of Nazism a decade ago to the present day and find many remarkable repetitions of the road from Golgotha to Calvary. But at no time has the likeness between these two tragedies been more striking than at the present eleventh hour when the new victims, like the old, have reached the pinnacle of their martyrdom.

AT THE very outset of the war the Nazi government officially proclaimed through its most prominent leaders that, whatever the outcome of this struggle, the Jews of Europe, who then numbered about six millions (apart from Soviet Russia), would be physically exterminated. Jews were no longer to be merely persecuted, oppressed, and humiliated as they had been before; they were no longer to be merely placed in an inferior position of pariahs and slaves, or deported and exiled from Europe. They were literally to be killed off, annihilated physically, or to use the official Nazi terminology, to be "exterminated" like vermin. The threat sounded so fantastic that few people took it seriously. But very soon certain steps were taken which showed that the Nazis meant it literally. An entire people, the oldest in Europe, was to be obliterated; men, women, and children without even the remotest connection to any kind of guilt, were to be murdered according to an accepted policy, for no other reason than that they were Jews.

Late in 1941 and throughout 1942, after the Nazi occupation of western and southeastern Europe, the deportation of the Jews to the ghettos of Poland was extended from Germany and Austria to Czechia, France, Holland, Belgium, the Scandinavian and Balkan States. But it was only in 1943 that the terrible secret of these "deportations" began to filter through to a horrified world. The Jewish deportees were not merely uprooted from their homes and, hungry and naked, transported to another end of the European continent, but from there they were being carried further to literal extermination. Every day thousands of Jews, men, women, and children who had been brought from western Europe to the Polish ghettos, as well as the native Jews of Poland, Lithuania, and Latvia, were taken from the ghettos, placed in army trucks and carried to specially prepared execution places and deathhouses, where they were machine-gunned, burned alive, electrocuted, poisoned by gas and killed by bacilli at the rate of thousands per day. Mere execution was an act of mercy for these people. In the Treblinka and Oswianzem camps in Poland, thousands of Jews were exterminated daily in the worst of tortures devised by modern science, while German doctors were observing the effects of the torture on the victims. The Polish government in London gives the number of Jews thus tortured to death in Treblinka camp alone as 58,000. The number of executed without scientific torture reaches into hundreds of thousands.

The trouble with all this is that it is so horrible that the human mind cannot visualize it. In the words of the Archbishop of Canterbury in the House of Lords on March 23, 1943, "We are confronted with an evil, the magnitude and horror of which it is impossible to describe in words. . . . Part of our difficulty in arousing ourselves and our fellow countrymen to the degree of indignation that it would seem to merit is the fact that the imagination recoils before it!"

WHILE the horrors of this national murder cannot be described in words, the results of the nearly two years of operation have now been published in an exhaustive book by the American Jewish Congress and substantiated by numerous official documents, reports of eye-witnesses and admissions of Nazi newspapers. The report of the American Jewish Congress shows that during 1942 and part of 1943 practically the entire Jewish communities of Holland (with a Jewish population before the war of 180,000), of Czechia (with nearly 200,000 before the war), of Slovakia (about 180,000), of the remnants of Germany and Austria (200,000), have been deported and annihilated. Apart from these, 40,000 Jews have been taken from Belgium; 25,000 from France; 25,000 from Bulgaria; 12,000 from Yugoslavia; 10,000 from Greece; 800 from Norway, and exterminated in Poland. Of the nearly three million Jews who, before the war, were in Poland itself, nearly a half have been starved, murdered, killed in epidemics, and tortured to death in concentration camps. These figures do not include the victims of the mass pogroms and slaughters of the Jews in Lithuania, Latvia, White Russia, Ukraine, Crimea, the Caucasus, and other Soviet territories which the Germans and their satellites occupied in the early months of the invasion of Russia. The savagery committed in those places is only now beginning to come to light with the reoccupation of the territories by the victorious Russians.

The sum total of this terrible chapter of horrors is two to three million Jews deliberately murdered by the Nazis in what is certainly the greatest massacre of innocent and unarmed people in history. Hundreds of highly cultured Jewish communities, which had flourished in Europe for centuries, and some for millenia, were devastated and their people hunted down and destroyed like wild beasts. There is practically no organized Jewish life in Nazi-occupied Europe now. Only small, pitiful remnants of Jews are left hiding in woods, fields, caves, mountains, or in the houses of sympathetic non-Jewish neighbors. Some are being helped with food and clothing by non-Jews; many Jewish children are kept alive by Christian friends; thousands of Jews commit suicide, unable to endure their own suffering and the sight of the pain of their dear ones; some, like the remnant of the Jews in the Warsaw ghetto, choose to die fighting the Nazis in open revolt; thousands of others join the guerilla bands. But altogether one of the oldest people in history, rich in culture and in tradition, a people to whom the world is indebted for many of its great moral and religious values, is being mercilessly annihilated.

THE reaction of the civilized world to this greatest pogrom in history has been as inexplicable as the act itself; it will probably be remembered as one of the most bewildering paradoxes of this war. On one hand, the Nazi bestialities against the Jews have called forth among the non-Jewish population in all the Nazi occupied and controlled countries a wave of indignation, and even of revolt which future historians will consider as one of the most hopeful signs of the moral and spiritual regeneration of Europe by the ordeal of war. Together with that indignation and protest has come a wave of sympathy for the Jews such as Europe has not seen for generations. Everywhere, in Holland, Belgium, France, Norway, Denmark, Czechia, and even in Poland, the Baltic states, Hungary, and Rumania, where anti-Semitism was a grievous problem before the war, non-Jewish people of all classes and stations in life have

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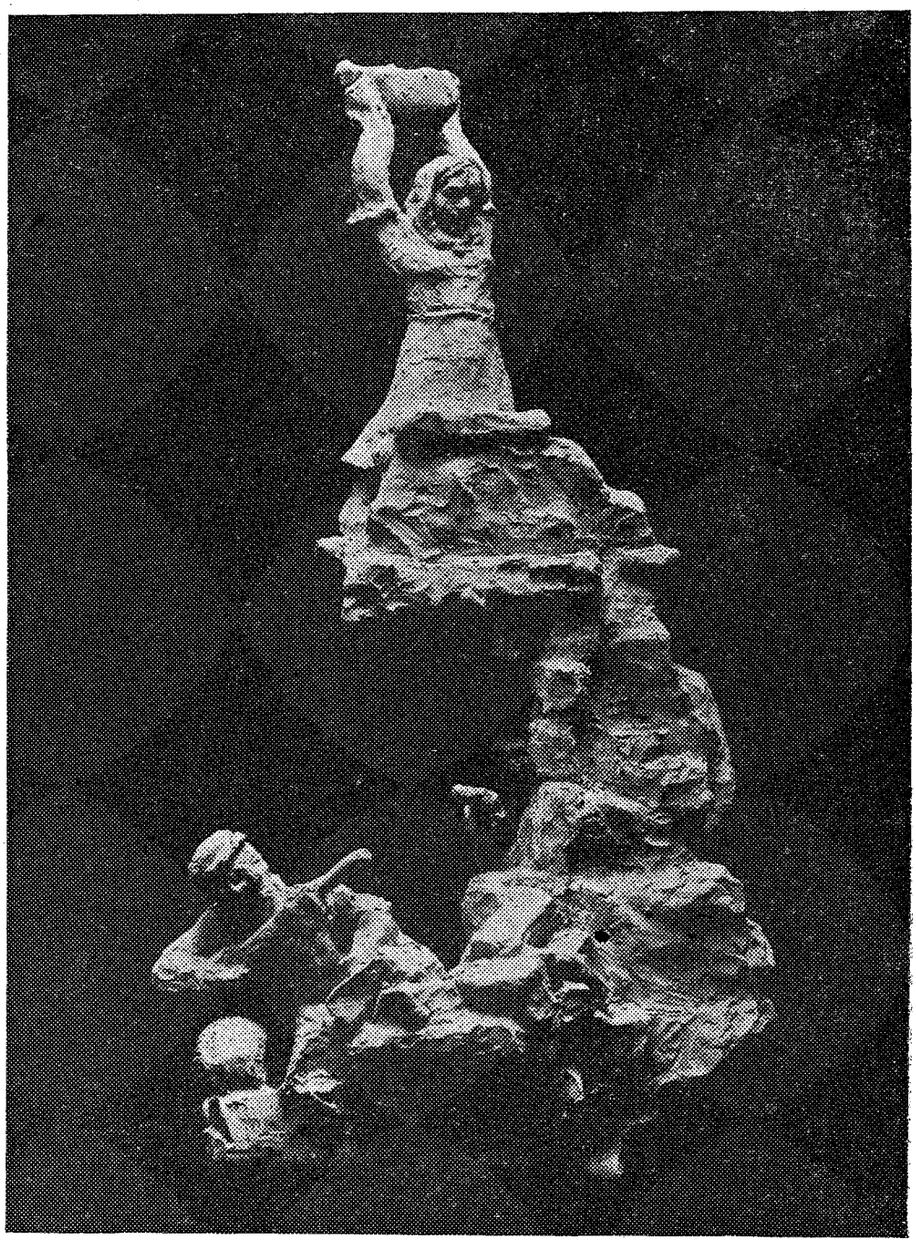
been stirred not merely to words of sympathy and commiseration for the Jews, but also to acts of humanitarianism and courage often accomplished at the risk of liberty and even life.

Thousands of Jews have been hidden in non-Jewish houses throughout Europe, although the Nazi punishment for these acts is often deportation and exile. Non-Jewish families in every Nazi-occupied country are keeping thousands of Jewish children in their homes as their own. Non-Jews are everywhere helping the Jews with food and clothing; they take over Jewish property and keep Jewish homes until their owners will be able to use them; they help Jewish deportees to escape from the Nazis; they go out of their way to comfort and encourage them and keep them from sinking into utter despair. No other Nazi laws are more openly and demonstratively sabotaged in Europe than the anti-Jewish racial laws. The Christian churches, Protestant and Catholic alike, have never in recent years revealed more true Christianity than now in their treatment of the Jews. The clergy is everywhere taking the initiative in the protection of Jews in acts of defiance and revolt. The underground movements everywhere and the guerrilla bands wherever they exist look upon the Jews as their first charges, entitled to their greatest aid. We have it on the authority of the incessant complaints of the Nazi press that aid and comfort to the Jews has become one of the most prominent manifestations of anti-Nazism.

THE most recent illustration of this trend in Europe occurred in Denmark on the occasion of the Nazi deportation of the Danish Jews. The incident served as a signal for one of the most remarkable outbursts of pro-Jewish and anti-Nazi sentiments which Europe has seen. Literally the entire Danish people, from the royal family to the last fisherman rose in revolt against the Nazi crime and actually frustrated the plan. Out of the six thousand Jews who were to be deported from Denmark, five thousand were smuggled out by the Danes to Sweden. Acts of open sabotage were committed; Danes broke into prisons and released Jews; Danish fishermen risked their lives to smuggle the Jews out of the country; the Danish universities, the government, the army, the churches, social institutions of all kinds protested against the atrocities; the King of Denmark informed the Nazis that he would abdicate the throne if they introduced the Nazi racial laws in Denmark without the consent of parliament, and that he and his family would wear the yellow Star of David if the Nazis forced the Jews to wear that badge. At the same time the government of Sweden lodged the first diplomatic protest to the German government against the persecution of the Jews and opened its doors to all Jewish refugees from Denmark. There can be no doubt that the reply of the enslaved peoples of Europe to the Nazi bestialities against the Jews has been a reaction against anti-Semitism such as that continent has not known in centuries.

BUT while the people of Europe have chosen to give this glorious answer to the Nazi murder campaign against the Jews, the people of the western democracies, which have escaped Nazi enslavement have an entirely different answer. They have, on the whole, remained lukewarm and indifferent to one of the greatest tragedies of our time. The British at first responded with genuine sympathy for the Jews and with ardent protests against the infamous extermination policy. A wave of protest swept England in the winter and early spring of 1943. The Church, the press, members of Parliament and all political parties revealed a fervor which could have led to deeds not less noble and effective than those on the European continent. But this outburst of the people was deliberately frustrated and smothered by official government action. Seldom has a British government in recent years fought so openly and unashamedly against the better instincts of its people. Yet the British government could not by itself kill that sentiment; it called to its aid the prestige of the government of the United States. Together both governments gave the people's outburst the last blow by calling the well-known Bermuda conference on refugees.

The attitude of the American people and government to the Jewish tragedy is a still greater paradox of the war and at the same time one of the most alarming omens of the rising political reaction in this country. Here the government did not even have to fight the sentiment of the people,



"Warsaw Ghetto," study in terra cotta for a war monument by Nat Werner; on exhibition at the ACA Gallery.

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for the bulk of the people did not reveal any more concern in the matter than did the government. It is true that the liberal and radical sections of American society, which have lately become fully alive to the dangers of anti-Semitism, have on this occasion, too, raised a strong voice against the Nazi anti-Jewish outrages. But one cannot get away from the fact that these protests have been limited to a small part of the American population which is alive to all injustices. The American people as a whole have not been touched by the tragedy. There have been no protests in the United States to indicate that the people realize that the present Jewish crisis is more than an ordinary outburst of anti-Semitism, and that civilization is being confronted with a second Calvary. The Nazi destruction of a single town, Lidice, aroused more indignation in the United States than this deliberate murder of a whole nation.

WHENCE this strange indifference on the part of the peoples and governments of the western democracies towards the Jews at a time of their greatest crisis? Why was the response of the oppressed people in Europe so different from ours? There is more than one answer to these questions. In the first place, there is the distance between ourselves and Europe where these stupendous events occur. The people of Europe are not only within sight of the modern crucifixion, but they have themselves trod the thorny road of pain, sorrow, and suffering. The British people, who have had a greater share of tears, sweat, and blood, responded more readily than we did.

Then there is also the rise of reaction in the United States. Reaction all over the world now clings almost instinctively to anti-Semitism. It has learned from Hitlerism that dislike and hatred of the Jews can be put to many uses and that it can advance many causes which have nothing to do with the Jews. But while in Europe anti-Semitism among the people is now on the decline because of the experience with Nazism during the last decade, in the United States it is now being taken up by the reactionaries with the enthusiasm of a new discovery. Even now, while the war against Hitlerism is still going on, reactionary and isolationist forces are making more and more use of the Nazi technique of anti-Semitism for the accomplishment of their general purposes. It is not impossible that when the war is over and Nazi anti-Semitism will have been discredited and defeated in Europe, it will find a refuge and a new lease of life in the United States. There are certainly indications that American reaction will attempt to make use of anti-Semitism after the war on a much larger scale than now. Liberal public opinion must be prepared for it.

It is not the purpose of the present article to outline a program of action to meet that danger, nor even to point out what can be done to save the Jews in Europe. A number of excellent programs have been prepared by responsible Jewish and non-Jewish bodies, particularly by the American Jewish Conference. The writer merely wishes to mention only one specific fact which is directly responsible for the present attitude of the American government towards the Jews in Europe. This is the tendency which Americans, as well as the British, have to ignore the Jewish problems as such. The Anglo-Saxon attitude has been to treat the Jews as individual citizens of the countries where they live and to overlook the fact of their separate group entity. This essentially nineteenth-century liberal attitude was, doubtless, correct in Europe a generation or two ago. It is still valid in Anglo-Saxon countries now, especially in the United States where a new nation is still being formed out of the various races and nationalities in Europe. But it is no longer true in Europe. Jews in Europe, especially in the East, are not Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Lithuanians, or Rumanians; they are an independent group-entity by themselves, and must be frankly and openly treated as such. One of the grave mistakes of the German Jews, which helped to advance the psychological causes of Nazi anti-Semitism, was their insistence that they were Germans, not Jews. That proved a terrible irritant in an age of growing nationalist consciousness and it helped Hitler to get where he was. He made of the insignificant Jewish problem in Germany the chief issue of his own movement and forced it also upon other people in Europe. For a time it seemed that anti-Semitism was the most successful part of Nazism; but it was defeated by its own morbid brutality and, as we have seen, its tide is now receding in Europe even more swiftly than other Nazi currents.

But the Jewish problem, once dragged out into the center of the world stage, can no longer go back to its old hiding place of the nineteenth century. The consciousness of the people of Europe has been awakened to the problem. The Jews, too, have through this decade of martyrdom, gained a new dignity and no longer wish to hide their identity under the legal cover of other people's nationality. The Jewish problem must be faced now squarely, without false pretenses, without cheap shame, unworthy disguises, and inferiority complexes. The Jews are a people like any other people in Europe. They are either to be exterminated, as Hitler says, or they are entitled to their own life, as Jews.

THE people of Europe have clearly made their choice. They have accepted the Jews as Jews, and they are showing them more tolerance and friendship now than ever before. The Russians have long ago solved the problem in the same manner. Only the American, and to a lesser extent also the British government, insist on the old method of dealing with Jews as if they were not Jews, but anonymous beings parading as Poles, Slovaks, Czechs, Germans, and others but themselves. This was the method adopted by the Bermuda conference and was the chief reason for its failure. The conference, which was to have been a reply to Hitler's extermination of the Jews, was called a conference to "help refugees of Nazi oppression without distinction of race and nationality." This missed the entire psychological point of the present Jewish issue in Europe. For more than a decade Nazism has made of the Jews a *special issue;* during the last two years it has forced the issue until it is on the point of flooding the world with blood.

The Bermuda conference is only one typical illustration of our obsolete approach to the Jewish problem and of the heart-breaking results which follow. Scores of others could be mentioned. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in his famous speech to the House of Lords last March 23, enumerated a list of acts which could have prevented the present Jewish tragedy, or at least saved tens of thousands of innocent Jewish lives from slaughter, provided we had had the good will and the right psychological attitude toward the problem. But the fact is that we not only lack the will to help the Jews, but we are dealing with a twentieth century problem in a nineteenth century way. For good or ill, Hitler has dragged out the Jewish problem into the open and it has to be tackled in the open—frankly, without equivocation and disguises, without false shyness and inhibitions, and without the unworthy fear of mentioning the word Jew. The challenge of Hitler's anti-Semitism and his threat of Jewish extermination must be met, like his military "blitz" challenge, in his own way and defeated with his own tactics. Only by a straight forward facing of the problem can we still hope to save some of the remnants of the European Jews and also to deal a death-blow to anti-Semitism.

WILLIAM ZUKERMAN.

Mr. Zukerman is an authority on Jewish affairs and was for twenty years chief European correspondent of the "Jewish Morning Journal." He has contributed to "Harper's," the "Nation" and other publications and is the author of a book, "The Jew in Revolt," published in England. NEW MASSES *invites discussion of the issues raised in Mr. Zuckerman's article. Though we do not endorse every idea and formulation, we believe his basic approach is sound and that the challenge implicit in Hitler's murder campaign against the Jews and in rising anti-Semitism in this country must not be ignored by American public opinion.* —*The Editors.*

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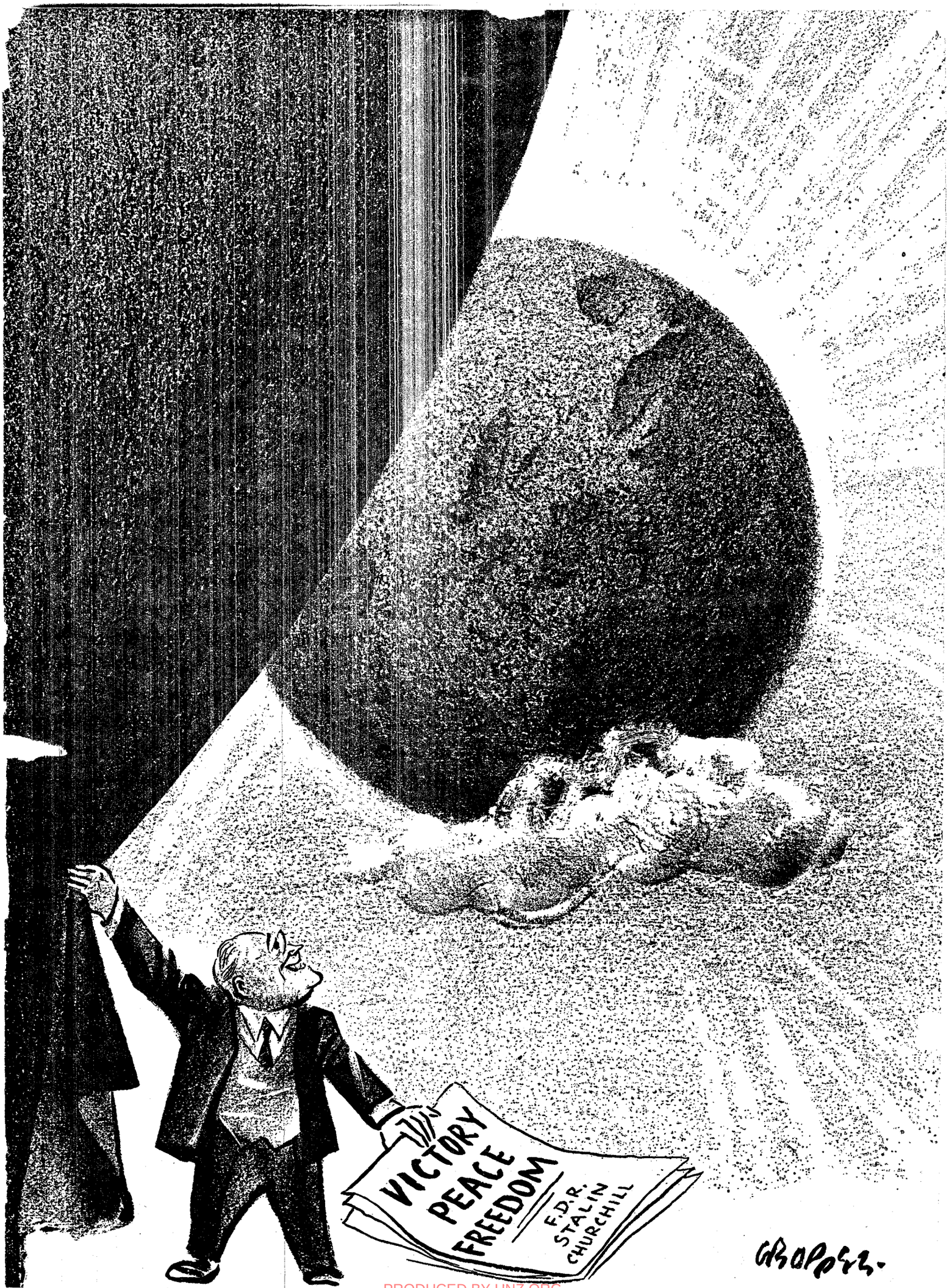

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SLEEPY LAGOON'S NIGHTMARE

An American family in California feels the blade of Adolf's poisoned sword: racism. A report by Joseph North. The third article in a series on America at war.

Carl and Shelley Mydans stepped off the "Gripsholm" the other day after twenty-one months as prisoners of the Japanese. Their current article in "Life" magazine describes what they saw in Japan and parts of the "Greater Asia Co-prosperity Sphere" through which they passed. "Despite the (Japanese) propagandists' new respect for America's power," the Mydans say, "they temper their warnings with encouraging news of America's internal problems. We who have been away for two years can tell you all about the zoot-suit riots. . . ."

THE aura of the frontier hangs over the California landscape; true, a gleaming, twentieth-century macadam highway slices through the fertile fields, but a hundred yards off the trim road you pass by the ageless citrus groves, and there stands the Leyvas home, a ramshackle, wooden place with a little, clean-swept parlor where the Madonna looks down through an old gilt frame. Geese and chickens make their immemorial noises, a dog prowls near the barn, and crows parade silently over the cabbage fields. Turn your back on the macadam roadway and you stand in a scene familiar to Davy Crockett; the moss-covered well and the dusty foothpath, the blue-haze of the mountain range over the horizon. This your eye sees, but you can hear the familiar throb of the three-motored bomber from its San Diego base maneuvering somewhere overhead: America 1943, intermingled with America 1843.

Rudy, about fourteen, with a shock of pitch-black hair and a snag tooth, came in from the rows of cabbage, wiped some of California's rich soil from his hands. "Lupe," he said, "that's my sister, she knows most about it but she's working now." Maybe, he said, if he went for her the boss would let her go a bit earlier. Rudy directed me as we drove over. He chattered on, mainly about baseball and Lippy Durocher and the Brooklyn Bums—his favorite team—and his best sport was swimming and roller-skating. He played ball, first-base, on a local sand-lot team. Yes, he went to school, a junior-high, liked history best, and reading. His brother Albert, he's in the infantry now, used to be as good a boxer as any in southern California. "Lightweight division," Rudy said professionally. "He wanted to go in the ring, pro, but Ma knocked hell out of him. She don't like boxing. Too rough, Ma says."

From inside the little pottery where the clay hung to everything and from which she modeled the delicately-tinted vases, Lupe too could see the orange groves and the California sweep of sky. Lupe tried to wipe the clay off before she shook hands. She is sixteen, beautiful, with the olive face and sparkling black eye of the sunswept lands, her hair purple-black; she stopped a moment to daub a bit of lipstick on, then ran out to join us.

Back in the farmhouse the old mother wouldn't take no for an answer. She spread the best tablecloth, poured the coffee, opened a tin of Nabisco wafers. Soon the house filled with children, mothers, members of the family. A large family, a frontiersman's family. "And we're not all at home yet, either," Lupe said with a smile. "There's Irene, Celia, Seth, Rudy, Lillian, Albert, Gloria, and Helen. Irene and Celia—they're married. Albert—he's in the infantry. And then," her smile faded, "there's Henry."

I DIDN'T want to start talking about Henry yet; I wanted the family to go on, to be themselves; to talk about their own lives before we talked about Henry. Yes, Lupe rather liked working in the pottery. "Dad's a potter, too," she said, "when he's not farming." She liked everything in school; no, there was no particular subject she preferred. "I've had two and a half years of typing, just finished the eleventh grade when I had to leave school. The crops were bad and the family needed money for the case. So I left school but I expect to go to part-time school soon's I get the chance." It's not so good on the farm, she said, "Every time you get a good crop prices fall." When you get a poor crop, she said, it's funny, prices are always higher. This year cabbage was good, but prices went down, way down. "Poor Dad, he's had bad luck on the farm. He wants to stay on the ranch, too, don't you, Dad?" she said, ruffling his hair, and he nodded, his Indian features immobile.

As in all American families, the talk turned to the movies. Sure, she loved them. Gary Cooper was her favorite actor, Barbara Stanwyck her favorite actress. We talked seriously, too, about the war and she told me she was president of a local Mexican-American youth club, a "Victory Club." "We do things to win the war." She showed me the picture of her brother in uniform and read from a letter he had sent home the other day. She also read a note from Vice President Wallace congratulating the Victory Club for its fine, patriotic work. She was mighty proud of the note from Mr. Wallace.

An American family. A family of the countryside—millions like it in southern Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Iowa, North Dakota. But pardon me, there is a difference. This family, I may have mentioned, is dark-complexioned. The parents came from Mexico. True, the children, the many children—the farmers, school-boys and girls, the mechanics, the housewives—talk the familiar language of America—the war, the movies, baseball, school. And there is another difference I must mention, even if it sounds trivial. Rudy, and some of his brothers—not all—like to wear their hair a distinctive way. It's not the close-cropped Harvard crew cut; they like a thick head of hair carefully brushed back. Another difference: unlike Harvard men who prefer their trousers cut to hang above the ankle, Rudy likes his tight down there, and he likes his coat to fall lower than the kind you see college boys wear. Significant? Not to you, perhaps, but I'll explain its importance later. Well, like most adolescents and youngsters of all strata they hanker for some kind of distinctive styles, and this is what the Leyvas boys like. Lupe said boys who wear this cut of clothes are called "pachucos," after the lads from around El Paso who first started the style. In the bigger cities, they call them zoot-suits. (In the college towns the variants from the more adult styles are called "collegiate.")

I go into some detail on this matter of sartorial custom because it made some considerable stir—on the coast. Remember the zoot-suit riots in Los Angeles? Do you know about the Sleepy Lagoon murder case? That's why I drove out to that ranch, to tell you about this phenomenon, and what I found to be its underlying significance.

Well, Lupe said, as we talked a bit more about the movies—after all Hollywood is a brief two hours away—"But, you know, we can't see all the movies we want to out here. They don't let Mexicans in the Downey movies." (No, you cannot talk much about their lives before it comes up.) "And they won't let you in the skating rink any more or in the swimming pool," Rudy interrupted. "And that's a heck of a note. I like skating and I like swimming," he said, in a peculiar, bemused manner, "and they won't let me in. Isn't that a heck of a note?"

"YES, for some reason," Lupe said fiercely, "they don't like us. There was a nurse in our Junior High School who called us 'dirty Mexicans.'" And she

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told a school child's tale with much heat: "We had a big school carnival here last year. And we picked a queen of the carnival. You vote for the queen, then the two highest you vote for are left. Then you buy chances and the one you buy the most chances for wins. Well, there were two girls, one of them Mexican. The other was Anglo-Saxon. The Mexican girl won. But while she was putting on the queen's dress, the judges came out and said the Anglo-Saxon girl won. We felt pretty bad about it. We knew the Mexican girl won; all the Mexican kids spent every penny they had buying chances for the Mexican girl to win. She was prettier, and besides the Anglo-Saxons were lording it over us. But they wouldn't let the real queen on the stage. That's how things are around here nowadays," she said in an oddly mature way.

FROM here on the flood-gates were down. They told me the story of brother Henry. Henry is just twenty years old. Henry is in San Quentin for life. Lupe said: "He was a good mechanic" (always speaking of him in the past tense), "and he was a good farmer too. He always knew what crops were best to plant and how to plant them. But mechanics was his chief ambition. He bought a tool box. He went to McKinley Junior High School. He liked sports, played football, liked swimming. He used to stay up and read a lot. Mother used to get after him because she was afraid he'd spoil his eyes reading all night long in the lamplight. He used to read everything. But best of all he used to like to take a car apart and put it together again."

But, Henry is in San Quentin. Henry is a pachuco, a zoot-suiter. He was tried for murder and sentenced to live behind bars for the rest of his life. He had walked into the sheriff's office one day when he heard they were looking for him; the officers handcuffed him to a chair, gave him a working-over until he bled from the mouth. Henry is a pachuco, you see. Henry's father is Mexican-born, you see. The old man said, in the one burst of conversation he allowed himself, "Maybe you tell people the truth. Henry is a good boy. Henry is no murderer. Maybe your paper can get Henry home again."

"We must be especially prepared to stifle the fifth columnists in the United States who try to sabotage not merely our war material plants, but our minds. We must be prepared for the worst kind of fifth column work in Latin America."—Vice-President Wallace.

FOR years the administration has earnestly sought to cement good relations with Latin America. Vital hitherto, it became imperative after Pearl Harbor. The search for good neighborliness led to the

Dan Rico

historic meeting of the Presidents—Roosevelt and Camacho—last spring. "Our two countries," Mr. Roosevelt said, "owe their independence to the fact that your ancestors and mine held the same truths to be worth fighting for and dying for. Hidalgo and Juarez were men of the same stamp as Washington and Jefferson." Bad news for Goebbels; bad for Tojo. Good for two hundred and thirty millions in the Americas.

Coincidental with the period immediately before the historic meeting of the heads of Mexico and United States, the Hearst press on the coast initiated a campaign. Accidental? What do you think? Its daily headlines were black with libel: "MEXICAN GOON SQUADS," "PACHUCO KILLERS," "JUVENILE WAR LAID TO YOUTH'S DESIRE TO THRILL," "ZOOT-SUIT GANGS." It mattered little that Karl Holton of the Los Angeles Probation Department reported that "there has been no wave of lawlessness among Mexican children." Undoubtedly, the usual juvenile delinquency due to social and economic factors existed, intensified in time of national stress. But, Mr. Holton warned, let us not "lose our sense of proportion. The great majority of Mexican children are not involved in these delinquent activities." As a matter of fact the small wartime increase in delinquency among Mexican children in Los Angeles was much less than the increase in the total for all racial groups, Mr. Holton said.

Well, on August 2, 1942, a man named Jose Diaz died after a party at the Sleepy Lagoon ranch, near Los Angeles. Evidence is at hand that Diaz fell drunkenly in a roadway, was run over by a car. He may or may not have been in a fracas earlier that evening. He died during the night.

The next day the Hearst press carried the all-too familiar scarehead stories. Mexican boys "prowled in wolf-packs." The next day every lad of Mexican background was a "zoot-suit killer." The pachuco suit and the haircut was the badge of a pariah. The police, I was told by the Citizens' Committee for the Defense of Mexican-American Youth, lined up outside dance halls, armed with pokers to which sharp razor blades were attached, and they ripped the peg-top trousers and zoot-suits of the boys as they came out. "It was a crime to be born in the USA—of a Spanish-speaking father or mother," an Angelino told me.

Five months later seventeen boys were found guilty of conspiracy to murder; one of them—the alleged ringleader—was little Lupe's brother, Henry. The boys had been forbidden to get haircuts during the trial, or to receive clean clothing from home. The defense lawyer charged that District Attorney Shoemaker "is purposely trying to have these boys look like mobsters, like disreputable persons. . . ." District Attorney Shoemaker's reply: "The appearance of the defendants is distinctive . . . their style of haircut, the heavy thick heads of hair, the duck-tail comb, the pachuco pants and things of that kind." Important evidence.

I know how little Lupe felt when she heard the testimony of Mr. Ed. Duran Ayres of the Foreign Relations Bureau of the Sheriff's office in Los Angeles. *"The biological basis,"* Mr. Ayres said, *"is the main basis to work from." The biological basis* . . . not for nothing did Herr Hitler write a book. I know how the hundred million Latin Americans must have felt (to whom the news of the trial was broadcast from Berlin) when Mr. Ayres explained his "biological basis":

"When the Spaniards conquered Mexico they found an organized society composed of many tribes of Indians ruled over by the Aztecs who were given over to human sacrifice. Historians record that as many as 30,000 Indians were sacrificed on their heathen altars in one day, their bodies being opened by stone knives and their hearts torn out while still beating. This total disregard for human life has always been universal throughout the Americas among the Indian population, which of course is well known to everyone."

Mr. Ayres was dissatisfied with his scientific thesis: it lacked scope. He added: "As to the Negro, we also have a biological aspect, to which the contributing factors are the same in respect to the Mexican—which only aggravates the conditions, as to the two races."

(No, Lupe, Mr. Ayres was not talking for America. He was talking for Berlin. America agrees with Vice-President Wallace who sent you that letter. Mr. Wallace said the Nazi "doctrine that one race or one class is by heredity superior and that all other races or classes are supposed to be slaves" is "the devil's own religion of darkness." I know it will be hard for you to believe that this is how America really feels, Lupe. It's your brother who is in San Quentin. But I tell you, Lupe, he's my brother, too. Ours.)

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WALKING past the flagpole on which the state banner waved—a brown bear above the legend "California Republic" I entered the municipal building to talk with a high-placed official, a leader of the community. We talked about many things off the record and I came to the Sleepy Lagoon case and the zoot-suit riots. "Don't you think," I said, "the fine hand of the fifth column is somewhere in the picture?" He scoffed. "Romanticism," he said. "You fellows are always talking like an E. Phillips Oppenheim mystery story. The root of the whole business lies in the social conditions aggravated by the war. Clear up the soical conditions and you won't have these outbreaks. I made a thorough study of the case and I can't find any fifth column operating."

"Well," I said, "I couldn't expect your police to find a Nazi agent sitting in a Statler hotel room handing out orders for the outbreaks. But what about the enemies of the war here at home—the Hearst press, all those who want to subvert the aims of the war—all those who love fascism better than they love their country? Furthemore, can't we conceive the possibility that there are, somewhere behind the scenes, men who remained on after Baron von Killinger left to take his post as ambassador to Tokyo, to take advantage of the social conditions you refer to?" I told him of the arrest of six Nazi agents in Detroit recently, one of whom it was proved, had subsidized the so-called National Workers League which spread the hate-riots among Negro and whites in war plants. "Don't you believe that history has taught some lessons we must take advantage of?" I asked.

"I saw nothing of a fifth column," he said doggedly, "nothing."

I CITED the Axis radio beamed to Latin America after the convictions in the Sleepy Lagoon case: "In Los Angeles, California," Goebbels' man said, "the so-called 'City of the Angels,' twelve Mexican boys were found guilty of a single murder and five others were convicted of assault growing out the same case. The 360,000 Mexicans of Los Angeles are reported up in arms over this Yankee persecution. The concentration camps of Los Angeles are said to be overflowing with members of this persecuted minority. This is justice for you, as practiced by the 'Good Neighbor,' Uncle Sam, a justice that demands seventeen victims for one crime."

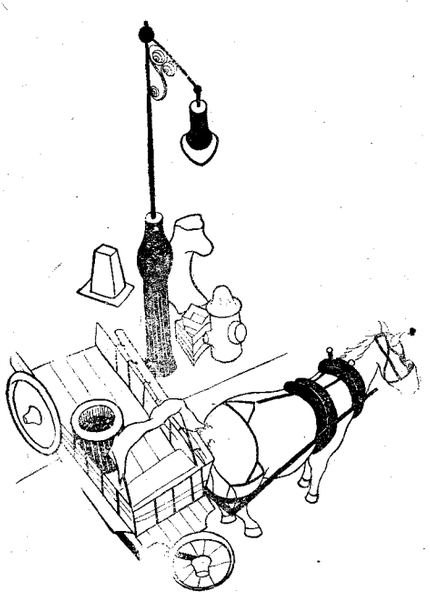
My friend shrugged his shoulders. "Don't you think," I said, "the Nazis would pay millions for the opportunity to make such broadcasts?" I had brought along the clipping of a column by George Fielding Eliot, in the New York *Herald Tribune*, written about the time of the "zoot-suit" rioting. I read him this:

"The German High Command is faced with decisions which grow more painful and desperate day by day. . . . Their greatest danger comes from America. The source of that danger is beyond their military reach. But is it beyond the reach of every form of attack?

" 'There are new weapons which are available in such cases,' Adolf Hitler once reported in private conversation, as reported by Hermann Rauschning. 'America is permanently on the brink of revolution. It will be a simple matter for me to produce unrest and revolts in the United States, so that these gentry will have their hands full with their own affairs. . . . We shall find such men,' he boasted. 'We shall find them in every country. We shall not need to bribe them. They will come of their own accord. Ambition and delusion, party squabbles and self-seeking arrogance will drive them.' "

The California official smiled. "Maybe," he said. "But I couldn't find them, with all due respect to Major Eliot, I couldn't find one fifth columnist in the picture. True, Ed Duran Ayres is a fool, and the sailors who beat up the Mexican kids just don't like zoot-suits, but that doesn't constitute treason."

I DIDN'T want to get into a hot argument with the official. But I thought two things: that this definition of the term fifth column is so narrow as to be perilously wrong—it conceives of the spy, the saboteur, only as an importation from abroad. The native fifth columnist—the Copperhead, Lincoln called him—stands in a separate category. Treason, it appears, is merely "freedom of the press, freedom of speech" if it harks from a native-born American, particularly from one of a "good family." Hearst, McCormick, Patterson, Roy Howard, Hamilton Fish can boast of blue-ribbon American birth certificates, therefore they are spared the obloquy of the treason charge. Furthermore, my friend ignored the history of the past decade—the actual trafficking with Berlin some of these men had engaged in.



Furthermore, my friend had said "clear up the social conditions and you won't have these outbreaks." But who battles by tooth and by nail the efforts of the administration to "clear up" these social conditions? The native fifth column—the very men who clamor unctuously that the fifth column has "nothing to do" with the outbreaks. Do Hearst, Patterson, and the congressional saboteurs strive to better the housing of the Mexicans, the Negroes? Do they support the President's Fair Employment Practices Committee? Do they seek to establish the hard-earned dollar at maximum by opposing inflationary measures? Do they endorse the extension of the Federal Housing Program so that slums may be eliminated and juvenile delinquency cut to the minimum? Or does their record reveal the opposite?

IT SEEMS crystal-clear to me, but unfortunately my friend—and I do not in any sense wish to impugn his unquestioned patriotism—couldn't see it that way. And unfortunately, all too many patriots evidence the same blind-spot; I found that in Detroit, in San Francisco, in Chicago—all too often through the land.

Yet I don't mean to imply that many don't see the issue clearly; increasingly, millions do. I found a heightened awareness of the fifth column threat among unionists, among Negroes, among those who stand to suffer most immediately. And they are doing something about it—quite a lot, which requires another article in the telling. For they see the tie-up of these subversives with top-flight circles in the GOP Old Guard; they see the menace to a stable economy, to a maximum war effort, to a harmonious national family. Those of the minorities, particularly, feel they stand on the dreadful boundaries of new pogroms, of new "insurrections," of new "zoot-suit" riots. They see the purveyors of anti-Semitism slinking through the factories and communities with filthy Jew-baiting propaganda; there is a veritable plague of dirty poems, of whispered songs, of defiled cemeteries, of smeared synagogues across the country. Nobody can convince me that spontaneously, and simultaneously, Jewish tombstones were overturned in Boston, in Detroit, in Chicago, in San Francisco—by innocent children. The master-ghoul, I submit, is Hitler.

No—the fifth column is riding hard; things are going bad for fascism on the battlefronts; Hitler's emissaries and prototypes here are doing their nefarious bit. "We shall find such men," Hitler prophesied. "We shall find them in every country. . . . They will come of their own accord. Ambition and delusion, party squabbles and self-seeking arrogance will drive them."

JOSEPH NORTH.

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PLANNED SCIENCE, FREE SCIENTISTS

In the Soviet Union reality is the "dictator" in scientific theory and practice. Organization, growth, and achievement.

With few exceptions, science writers are journalists with very little scientific background. Moreover, among them are still fewer individuals who would qualify by any stretch of the imagination as philosophers. Yet they must speak almost oracularly about very technical matters and some dare even to deliver themselves on matters philosophical. And so it came to pass that in a recent Sunday issue of the New York *Times* the science editor, Waldemar Kaempffert, told his wide audience of the technical advances of the Soviet Union—taking care, however, to surround the narrative with a cloud of philosophical obfuscation.

One can applaud the true things Mr. Kaempffert said about the specific achievements of science in the Soviet Union. He refers to practical exploits in devising synthetic rubber, substitutes for unobtainable materials, ingenious short cuts, new explosives, powerful germicides, new plastics, and whatnot. His sources, he says, are *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, the famous newspaper twins. He has picked up two or three meager fragments, tending to show that pure science is not neglected. Earthquakes, says he, solar eclipses, and the like are being studied. He alludes in a general and vague way to a multitude of practical chemical achievements. His sources, again, are the newspapers. One who has seen the accounts of the progress of science in the Soviet technical periodicals and various organs of the Academy of Sciences can tell immediately that the distinguished science editor has not seen them. He is thoroughly stymied as to details. He mentions by name only two scientific workers, Lysenko and Vavilov. Consequently, the account lacks skeleton as well as meat.

But all that could be forgiven were it not that our reporter, lacking precise information, begins to draw on his imagination. Knowing that he is dealing with a planned economy, he feels he cannot go wrong in asserting that everything scientific "is meshed into a single colossal system" or that "research is uniformly conducted" or that the "academy is . . . the ruler of science" or "there are no preferences" and "it also means there must be dictation from on high."

These remarks bristle with the idea that something planned must of necessity be rigidly regimented, controlled from "on high." Small wonder, then, that Mr. Kaempffert is compelled to state: "That research should have been continued on a large scale despite demands of the army and the loss of much territory in western Russia is a miracle." The "on high" apparently performs miracles.

It never occurs to Mr. Kaempffert that truth itself may get the credit, and possibly the very Marxism he decries. The internal evidence of his little skit on Soviet science shows that at least he has perceived, if not entirely understood, one of the principal tenets of Marxism, namely, the unity of theory and practice. He would complete the understanding if he would stop crossing himself before the miracle (that which surpasses understanding!) There is no further sign of comprehension or even acquaintance with Marxist principles or the philosophy of dialectical materialism. If the author really knew these doctrines, he would not say that "Soviet scientists are supposed to reason in accordance with the precepts of dialectical materialism," or that "Marxism is a religion." He would realize that the hated philosophy is essentially a statement of the principles of science in the rather difficult language of the Hegelian schools of the last century. He would realize that *all* scientists, not only Soviet scientists, are supposed to reason in accordance with the precepts of dialectical materialism. He would realize that a philosophy of science is not a religion, no matter how firmly it is held, because it seeks for ultimate truth from the securest foundations of fact, and does not proceed, as religious faith does, from a complete revelation which dispenses with fact.

Science allows for continuous self-correction. It is of the essence of Marxism that it does the same. What sense, then, does it make for Mr. Kaempffert to prophesy that "When Soviet Russia awakens to the fact that an ideology is no more immutable than a scientific theory, it will become a true democracy, Marxism will cease to be a religion, and potential Mendels and Einsteins will not run the risk of courting suppression." On the contrary, when Mr. Kaempffert awakens, he will realize that only in the Soviet Union is science completely free, where even Mendels and Einsteins can be questioned, corrected, made to fit in the expanding universe of deeper and deeper discoveries, and no one risks suppression.

How, then, is science organized in the USSR? And, how do Soviet scientists fit into their social structure? A Marxist answer to these questions must be partly historical, partly on account of the facts of the moment and partly programmatic, in the sense of a projection of the historic and factual elements into the future.

A historic review of Russian science will reveal a number of solitary great names of brilliant men who worked in relative isolation at a few university centers. They were very great men. Thus, Lomonosov had practically all the views of Lavoisier and was, therefore, several decades ahead of the "founder" of modern chemistry. He even anticipated the modern science of thermodynamics. Lobachevsky was undoubtedly the first to conceive non-Euclidean geometry, the fourth dimension, etc. Mendeleyev was a kind of god of chemistry who created order out of chaos by his periodic table of the elements. Lebedev discovered and measured the pressure of light. Pavlov pioneered the study of conditioned reflexes. For such men there were only a few helpers and only a few scientific journals. Russian scientists, who as a rule were trained in Germany, often preferred to publish in German journals. The scientific forces were meager. For example, there were but thirty Ph.D's in physics in all of Russia before the revolution. The Academy of Science was in existence, but it had only a few small laboratories. Cooperation between scientists and industry was at a trivial level. In the so-called era of incentive, incentive for both pure and technical science was lacking. Besides, the small forces of medicine blinked blearily at the devastations of famine, disease, and social evils, and did their little bit of alleviation at the risk of their necks.

The first effects of the revolution were those of a general character which liberate people to new opportunities. Opportunities, however, have to be developed in the general framework of progress of a society and, hence, the story of the organization and development of science in the Soviet Union is the story of the desperate reconstruction era before 1928, the subsequent three Five-Year Plans, and the struggle against fascism. It is this close association of the economic and scientific forces, involving mutual support, which alarms all exponents of *laissez-faire* and its "golden" opportunities. Yes, it must be confessed, the Five-Year Plans were drawn up and carried out with the full cooperation of the Academy of Sciences! The third Five-Year Plan has actually been called the Chemical Five-Year Plan in the USSR. It started, we might remark in passing, in 1938 with 50,000 chemists instead of the paltry 1,000 chemists which the country could muster in 1913. By 1942 it was ending with about 700,000 students in about 600 colleges and about 800,000 students in 3,500 secondary technical schools.

A relatively recent count of new

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scientific institutes organized in the Soviet Union shows nearly a thousand. An idea of the number of scientific workers may be gathered from the fact that institutes serving heavy industries (at least a hundred) are staffed on the average by 350 people per institute. "People" includes a very large number of women. By 1937 there were more than 350 scientific and engineering journals in the Russian language alone, and many more in the sixty or so official languages of the Union. The rate of training of "aspirants" (candidates) for scientific positions was about 10,000 per year in 1939. Besides, preparations are being made for a yet greater wave of development in the vast popularization of science, which has reached every nook, and the emphasis on scientific courses for about forty million pupils. Finally, there are the special remunerations and the Stalin prizes for science and inventions which serve as additional stimulants for the population at large as well as for the outstanding talents.

Small wonder, then, that the Russian scientist should have become such an intimate and important contributor to the war effort. He needed no orders from "on high," because he had been helped to help himself by helping others. He has designed some of the most original and powerful instruments of war; he has hunted the remotest reaches of the land for minerals, oil, helium; he has increased and varied production; he has saved millions of lives. He has disciplined himself.

A FEW highlights should be brought out to show the quality of a free science. On September 25 of this year the Academy of Sciences opened its general session in Moscow, where it received reports of committees for mobilizing the resources of the Urals, western Siberia, Kazakhstan, and the Volga and Arctic regions, a committee to locate reserves and a committee for geological and geographical aid to the Red Army. The Mining Institute reported practically completed technical plans for restoration of the productive power of the Donets and Moscow coal basins. The Institute of Metallurgy reported the solution of a number of problems connected with the rebuilding of the metallurgical industry in the south and the obtaining of new raw materials. The Division of Biological Sciences had much to report concerning the improvement of medical and sanitary work in the Red Army and the rear, with emphasis on complications arising from wounds such as shock, hemorrhage and nervous reactions. Reference was made to 154 scientific studies completed in the first half of the current year. Two academicians, A. M. Krylov and N. N. Burdenko, were honored with the rare title of Hero of Socialist Labor. Many papers, too numerous to recount here, were given. Alexei Tolstoy, noted Soviet novelist, reported that, in contrast to the Russian efforts, the first thing the Germans destroy in retreating are the schools, scientific institutions, theaters, museums, and architectural monuments.

In spite of the immediacy of war problems, studies were reported on cosmic rays, superfluidity, and other theoretical wonders. The lavishness of practical investigations does not exclude fine theoretical work. The term "lavishness" has always been appropriate to Soviet scientific enterprises. For example, as far back as 1934, in testing a method of immunization from typhoid fever, over 200,000 patients were treated and the records collected by a single organization.

In the face of the kind of achievement described above, one must marvel at the imagination of people who try to portray Russian science as directed from "on high," presumably down to the last detail by Joseph Stalin himself. It would require divine omniscience to qualify for such dictatorship. Anyone in his senses will realize that all that any group can indicate is the main highroads of investigation. It is true that the Academy picks certain types of problems for its own institutions, assigns numerous other problems to the institutes of various commissariats and sets aside the practical control problems for the factory laboratories. This, however, does not mean that the factories do not know what the pure scientists do and vice versa. On the contrary, they are obligated to exchange information and to assure mutual aid. There is an enormous amount of discussion by managers of various factories with their co-workers, culminating in plans and estimates. There are also extensive discussions among directors, culminating in larger and larger plans and estimates. There is a constant flow "from below" rather than from "on high," and that makes socialist science.

NOW we come to the question of dialectical materialism. The blessed word "ideology" is thrown at the philosophical position of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. Occasionally, dialectical materialism is described as the "official" philosophy of the Communist Party. The well known fact that it is essentially an invitation to learning for Party members is carefully suppressed. The situation really is quite analagous to that in which scientists learn a great deal about their science and become quite proficient in it before they learn its philosophy or the philosophy of science in general. Indeed, it may be argued that the proper time to learn dialectical materialism is when one is well into the practical side of what it is the philosophy of.

For those who have not dealt in the philosophy of science, it is fitting to remark here that a good philosophy should list the assumptions and the ideas underlying the procedures whereby one discovers facts, correlations, and laws in all the sciences. There are, of course, procedures which are common to all the sciences and to which the adjective "scientific" is therefore applicable. These general principles turn out to be the principles of clear thought, exemplified by what is best in common sense, and the principles of honesty, absolutely required for success in experimentation. Any deviation from these is immediately and automatically punishable by failure. A person who feels that scientific method is a cruel dictatorship of necessity must rush off to browse in other fields, where make-believe reigns and uncomfortably empty bellies do not mar the pleasantest of illusions. Reality is the dictatorship of science and scientific method.

Taking a cue from science, Marx formulated his philosophy in its spirit and endeavored to construct a continuity from the successes of scientific method in the physical sciences and in the biological sciences right into the social sciences. The gigantic intellect of Newton uncovered the reign of law in the physical sciences and transformed their findings from sketchy correlations into reliable principles on the basis of which one could calculate to the minute the remotest motions of the starry heavens. The remarkable intellect of Darwin replaced the partial truths of biology by the general revealing principles of evolution and development. Marx turned out to be the third and most masterful of this trio, because of his formulation in an equally scientific manner of the laws of progress from the welter of fragmentary correlations of the behavior of men.

The devout Newton received no opposition from church and vested interests. The somewhat infidel Darwin received the full blast of fury of an indignant reactionary wing of the church and only the hesitant support of vested interests, who were puzzled about the possibly unpleasant consequences of the "struggle for existence." Marx, however, received the full fury of the hatred of both the reactionaries of the church and the vested interests because, rather obviously, progress is not in their direction. In fact, a bourgeois sociologist of today spends most of his time trying to prove that sociology is not a science. Almost invariably he insists that there is an "irrational" element in nature as well as in man, thus unwittingly moving toward the Nazi position in philosophy, which is diametrically opposed to scientific method and hence to Marxism. This, then, was the crime of Marx. He extended the scientific method to society and thus completed the auspicious work begun by Newton and continued by Darwin.

WILLIAM RUDD.

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THE LESSON IS "ORGANIZE"

Speaking for 3,000,000 local government employees, Abram Flaxer, president of the State, County, and Municipal Workers, says their average wage is "behind a minimum health and decency budget."

A GREAT fuss is suddenly being made about the unorganized worker. The New York *Times* discovered that there are 15,000,000 unorganized white collar and government workers. The unorganized we've had with us for a long time. Then why the sudden concern of the *Times*, a concern taken up by the press of the country, about this group?

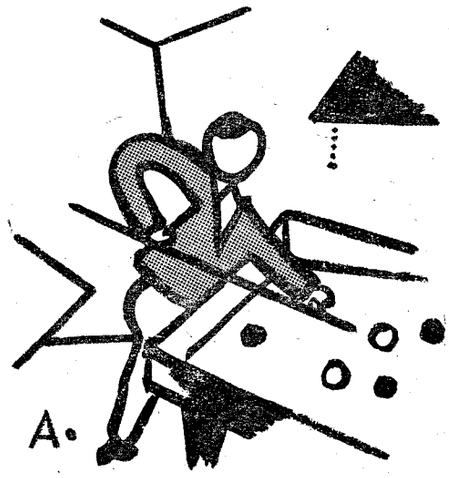
The fact is that the unorganized workers as a group have steadily decreased during the past ten years. Today the basic industries are 100 percent union. Unionism has arrived in every segment of our productive life. It is no longer a question for argument. Unionism is here to stay. The last remaining open-shop stronghold is the white collar and government field and these, too, are steadily shifting from the ranks of the unorganized to the ranks of the organized. That is why the *Times* is suddenly concerning itself with this group. It is making a bid for leadership over them, lest they too turn their eyes towards trade unions.

I wish to speak for the 3,000,000 local government workers who are employed by states, counties, and cities. They are and always have been among the lowest paid in the land. Today, their average wages are $117 per month, $1,404 a year. *This average includes a 9 percent cost-of-living salary increase.* School board employees—janitors, custodial workers, etc., average $20 per week. Hospital workers average $75.61 a month. Highway workers average $93.24 a month. Welfare workers average $89.51 a month. This is just a brief resume. The astonishing fact is that the public employee ranks with the lowest paid workers of the land. This is not something new discovered the other day by the New York *Times*. It is something that has been true for the last twenty-five years. Ever since 1918 the wages in the public services have lagged about twenty-five percent behind the wages paid in industry. Today, even with the cost-of-living increase gained by local government workers, *they lag forty-four percent behind the worker in private industry.*

IN HUMAN budget terms this low average means that the head of a family working for local government cannot support that family even according to the minimum WPA maintenance budget, the level of which, as of Sept. 15, 1942, was $1,700. A minimum health and decency budget calls for $2,271. Our local government worker is $867 behind that. The Heller budget, which provides for the "health, decency, and moral well-being" of a wage earner's family, recommends for wartime living a budget of $2,991.79. Our local government worker is fifty-three percent behind this health and decency level with his $1,404 a year.

Fourteen hundred and four dollars a year is a national average. The situation is different where unionism has made inroads and although not entirely adequate, satisfactory progress has been made. There are 40,000 local government workers in the State, County, and Municipal Workers of America. These workers have received wage and salary adjustments of 18.3 percent. They won $73,000,000 for 300,000 local government workers. Each union member enabled eight non-union government employees to secure these benefits. In places like Detroit, where eighty percent of the city workers are in the SCMWA, the union was able to raise standards by thirty-two percent. In Detroit the public payroll meets the prevailing rate paid in the war industries. The city of Detroit accepted this standard because of two facts: unionism and manpower problems. Unions raised wages in the auto industry and supported the SCMWA drive for pay increases for city workers; while the city met the prevailing rate in order to keep their workers on the job.

The purpose of the *Times* was to alienate organized workers from the unorganized; to separate white collar from industrial workers. The only answer to that is organization. The local government service truly remains one of the last citadels for organized labor to conquer. Not ten percent of the local government service is organized into the CIO, AFL, and independent firemen's and policemen's associations. But they are beginning to turn towards unionism.



One evidence of this was the fact that in the New York councilmanic elections, Michael Quill, president of a union of city employees, the Transport Workers Union, was backed by local police and firemen's benevolent associations, in addition to city transport workers, city sanitation and clerical workers in the SCMWA, and the organized CIO. Stanley Isaacs, another elected Councilman, had as a most important part of his program, a full cost-of-living increase for New York City workers, who had only attained an eight percent cost-of-living salary gain thus far. In addition the two most reactionary and anti-union Councilmen, one of them the head of the budget committee, went down to defeat. The New York city worker contributed heavily to that defeat.

Nationally, the whole CIO political action program has already made appeals to this unorganized mass. These workers can also see that the CIO program for political action affects not only the organized CIO and labor, but the community as a whole. But there are also contrary forces. These forces fought the National War Labor Board when that board was considering taking jurisdiction over city workers, in the case of Local 277 of the SCMWA, composed of city garbage workers of Newark, N. J. The *Times* quotes from Rep. Howard K. Smith of Virginia that "if the board took the trouble for the unorganized as for the unions it could fix things up." It is interesting that the *Times* should quote from the same gentleman who demanded on the floor of Congress an investigation of the board as to "why they were even hearing a case of city workers."

NEITHER the War Labor Board nor any of the agencies which the public has created to protect labor operates on behalf of the local government workers. The National Labor Relations Act specifically excludes local government workers. So do the state labor relations acts. When the National War Labor Board attempted to take under its wing the case of Newark garbage workers, a furore led by such forces as the *Times*, forced them to drop the matter. Now the very forces which refused to permit the WLB to discuss the problems of local government workers, are levelling an accusing finger at the Board, and are using this argument against the Board.

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The local government worker has always faced two great obstacles: the problem of a decent wage structure and the problem of recognition through the avenue given all of organized labor. These obstacles have in some measure already been overcome by those government workers who are organized, and will ultimately be solved through the medium of trade unions. In the meantime if the New York *Times* is so interested in the problem, instead of indicting the War Labor Board, it should heed the board's recommendations to use its influence to rally the public behind the fight of the local government worker for a decent wage structure and collective bargaining. The articles prepared by the *Times* hardly serve this purpose.

ON THE contrary, this campaign to woo the unorganized white collar and local government worker comes when organized labor finds that the fifteen percent Little Steel Formula is no longer adequate. The *Times* is attempting to divide the big unions from the small. But from experience the local government workers have found that where they were backed by powerful unions they were able to win. This lesson in trade unionism is so elementary that they will not be swayed. Long before the *Times* had the bright idea of writing about the fifteen million, we opened a drive to rectify these pressing grievances of the public employees. As part of this, we have planned a series of state-wide and city-wide conferences where unorganized, and organized, where independent, AFL, or CIO unions, where friends of city workers, where civil service associations and assemblies and benevolent associations can meet together and discuss their problems as local government workers. The objectives of such meetings will be: (1) To raise the wage level. (2) To gain a genuine cost-of-living increase. (3) To be included with the rest of labor in the benefits afforded under the State Labor Relations Acts, and the National War Labor Board.

The lesson is simply, "Organize."

ABRAM FLAXER.

Mr. Flaxer is president of the State, County, and Municipal Workers of America, CIO.

READERS' FORUM

Criticism of Communists

TO NEW MASSES: May I say a word in the discussion which Dr. Meiklejohn and Mr. Browder have started.

I do not think that the Communist Party errs in teaching or stressing the class conflict. The workers must provide the driving energy for the accomplishment of any profound social change. The workers cannot perform this historic function unless they are conscious of themselves as workers and are united by that consciousness.

Many sensitive people have rejected the theory of class conflict because in its original form it was a doctrine of stark violence. But after all, socialism did come into the world by violence, and it is difficult to see how it could have come into being by any other means.

But the existence of a great socialist nation introduces a new factor into world social evolution, and holds out the hope, at least, that the transition to socialism may be made by emulation and through democratic processes. It seems to me that the class struggle should not be abandoned, but that it should take a new direction dictated by current realities.

My criticisms of the Communist Party would be these: (a) The Party does not indulge freely or frequently enough in self-criticism—on the contrary, it seems to resent criticism. (b) Some of the Party intellectuals seem to me to be a bit condescending and snooty. (c) Perpetual justification of itself and proving itself right on all occasions is not so good, nor is it justified. Read the comment of the party organs on President Roosevelt just after his election and on Mr. Joseph E. Davies upon his appointment as ambassador to Moscow, or the attitude toward the President's program of preparedness during the year before Pearl Harbor. (d) Because of its experience of continual assaults from without and many betrayals from within, the party tends to elevate discipline into a deadening orthodoxy. (e) Gentleness might be more persuasive than harsh public excoriation with some sinners.

That the NEW MASSES should have started this discussion is an encouraging and hopeful omen.

Lewiston, Idaho. EUGENE A. COX.

TO NEW MASSES: Debates or no debates—your question in your July 13 issue: "Can Communists and non-Communists Unite?" has been answered on November 2 with an unprecedented and thunderous YES! How else can we interpret New York City's first choice vote for Pete Cacchione (Communist!) with the thrilling election of Ben Davis (Communist!)? This makes New York City quite a good deal less con-Tammanyated now, doesn't it? After all, one hundred thousand votes for Communist candidates by about 90,000 non-Communist voters is *unity*, brother, *unity*.

Since his memorable debate with your Mr. Magil in the July 13 issue, will you please advise Mr. Max Lerner to try to be a good little learner from now on?

New York. LOU KAY.

More on Taxes

TO NEW MASSES: I wish to call to your attention certain discrepancies in J. R. Wilson's article ["No Money to Burn"] in the NEW MASSES of November 16. These, I believe, serve to confuse rather than to clarify the issue under discussion.

In paragraph two, column one, you speak of a wage-earner's *average* family of *four* with its necessary budget of $3,000 per year, but in the accompanying table you deal with an *average* family of *two*, thereby implying that 58,000,000 families have incomes of less than $3,000 per year. It would be far less confusing and lend to a far more correct analysis if, in both cases, you dealt with the same unit, i.e., a family of four, for it is seen, even on the basis of the figures given, that the *average* family contains *two* income recipients.

If we deal, instead, with the average family of two of the table, we reach somewhat different conclusions. For we see then that the average family supply of civilian goods is $1,400. Adding twenty percent for war bonds and taxes, we see that the excess purchasing power now lies in incomes of over $1,700 for a family of two, $2,500 for a family of three, $3,400 for a family of four, etc.

Though my figures, too, are rough, and should be subjected to more detailed analysis, I trust I have made my point clear.

Detroit. ELLERY HOWARD.

TO NEW MASSES: Mr. Howard's comment raises an interesting point. In the Treasury Department's table of income distribution, the term "income recipient" represents only the income recipients who would be potential income-tax units if there were no exemptions. The income of income-recipients who are dependents for purposes of the federal income tax is included, although the number of such income-recipients is excluded.

An income recipient may, therefore, be a single wage-earner, or a married person, or a family head with dependents (counted as *one* income-recipient). The 58,200,000 income-recipients with incomes below $3,000 thus consists of single consumers, married couples with no children, families with one child, families with two children, etc. There is no breakdown available of these units. Mr. Howard is incorrect in concluding that the table deals with an *average* family of two. The basic point I was making, on the Heller committee budget figures, was that a wage-earner's family of four required a budget of $3,000. For smaller families, the amount required is, of course, less, as indicated in Mr. Howard's letter. The refinement he makes is quite in order.

New York. J. R. WILSON.

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RECENT BOOKS

Anna Louise Strong's novel of the sturdy people who built Dnieper dam, and later destroyed it. . . . "Dark Stain," by Benjamin Appel. . . . "War Poems of the United Nations."

WILD RIVER, *by Anna Louise Strong. Little, Brown. $2.50.*

THIS is the story of the building of the Dnieper dam. "*Wild River*," writes Miss Strong in her foreword, "is distilled essence of my twenty years in Soviet Russia. While its main characters are fiction, the scenes in which they live and move are fact." Even minor incidents, such as the competition between the workers on the right and on the left bank of the river, are historic truth. Chief in her list of people to be thanked are "the hundreds of Russian friends, many now dead in battle or of exhaustion in work behind the lines, who, despite all myth of Soviet reticence, made me for twenty years free of the wide reaches of their country and of the intimate stories of their personal lives."

Since Miss Strong first went to the Soviet Union in 1921, she has told hundreds of true stories, including that of how she herself "changed worlds." She has not, I think, written fiction before. (Some other journalists have written fiction about Russia.) Can she write a novel? Can she create characters and set them living and moving through scenes that are fact? Fact and fiction are notoriously uneasy fellow travelers in a work of art. There is always danger that strong facts will drain the blood from imagined characters, leaving them pale and nerveless in a world they never made. Do these peasants and workers in *Wild River* convince us that they really helped to build the world which even the stubborn doubters now acknowledge was actually built? I think the answer is yes, though the thing done somewhat dwarfs the doers. I hope Miss Strong will go on distilling essence. The time has come for this, now that a period in the history of a great people has closed as dramatically as it began. Seldom has life imitated art so closely, seldom has chronicle shaped itself into drama so effectively as in the events from 1917 to 1941. That quarter of a century is now framed in time and space. And the novelist can write of that period with the sense of mastery which historical perspective—knowing how and why things worked out as they did—gives to the artist. "When we come back," the young foreman says to the engineer who is left behind to destroy the Dnieper Dam,

Anna Louise Strong

"we will build it faster and better than before." "Faster?" he replies, "Certainly. Better? It may be. But what we built you'll never build. What we built was built once only." And as the young man goes off, he hears the engineer murmur, "We were wild boys by a wild river." It was a people that was built in those twenty-five years, and the very destruction of the dam they had built was a triumphant affirmation of the new life that had been created.

THE simple pattern of the story has already been suggested: one of the workers who helped in the construction of the dam is the engineer who, as the Nazis approach, must set off the explosion that will demolish it. The thing he has grown to love because it symbolized a new life for him and all his generation is the thing he must wipe out, lest it serve the purposes of the enemies of that life. The book opens at the moment when Stepan Bogdanov is preparing for this final task. Then the narrative turns back to 1923 when he was one of the wild boys on the banks of a river as untamed as they. He was the leader of a group of lads who had somehow survived war, famine, civil war, and pestilence; lads toughened in the struggle to stay alive by any shifts—stealing, one of the most necessary. To hold them together they had only a crude loyalty to the band and to the leader. Their hide-out was a cave high on the bank of the Dnieper—the Cossacks' Lair, they called it.

The cave to Stepan and his gang meant adventure and freedom. And these early years helped to make Stepan a person who would wreck what he could not boss. Anya, the peasant girl from the nearby village, with some roots still in the old settled life of the past centuries, does not understand Stepan's wild and untamed side, not even after she marries him. She understands only when at the end they part—she with her children to go with the people and the machinery escaping to the east and safety, and he—if he survives—to stay behind in the Cossacks' Lair and help organize the guerrillas.

"For the first time in my life," says Anya, "I wish I were joining you in the Cossacks' Lair." At the moment of separation they are at last completely united. Stepan had resented her absorption in the building of the Red Dawn Farm. The collective farm and the dam were the two great fronts in the battle for the new society—Miss Strong, it seems to me, has been very successful in weaving these two stories together, and dramatizing in many incidents, grim, exciting, revealing, the peculiar difficulties of each undertaking, both the physical and the psychological problems. The red glare in the sky from the burning of the Red Dawn Farm by those who had built it heralds the destruction of the dam.

One of the reviews I have read labels the characters of *Wild River* all black or all white. This cliche has long been accepted as appropriate to Soviet fiction; reviewers murmured it in their sleep. Whatever truth it had in the past, it hasn't been true for some time, and it isn't true of *Wild River*. Stepan himself goes through a pretty painful process of character growth. Anya has so much sympathetic understanding of the old life that she is gentle with the stubborn old grandfather who refuses to leave his cottage even when the dammed-up waters of the river are rippling into his front yard. And when Stepan tells her she is wasting too much time on the old man, she turns on him: "You understand nothing of people. . . . When he was a boy of twelve he helped his father build this house in the year when serfdom was abolished. It was the first free house

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in the village and it made his life a part of history. If you ever put your life into a building and see it destroyed, you'll know. But now you think only of your own strength and your triumphs." And the moment comes when Stepan knows. He takes his last look at the dam which he had thought would last a thousand years:

"Always, since the day when the river first broke over the spillways, the majesty of the dam had given him a satisfaction that no familiarity could dim. The mighty arc, which had cost so much struggle, which for four years had been such a battleground of torn rock and arrested water, stood now as calm and complete in beauty and strength as if it were a part of nature, as if it had been there from the beginning of time and would be there forever. Always it had been to him the sign that man's work goes on beyond his lifetime. But today he strove to etch each line of the structure on the mind behind the eyeballs, as if the fragile brain might make immortal the perishable rock."

Back in the Cossacks' Lair, he consoles one of his old comrades who says sadly that it seems they are back where they started. "No," replies Stepan. "We're two hundred million lifetimes ahead. We built not only the Red Dawn Farm and the Dnieper Dam. We built the people that burned the farm and blew up the dam in the war to save the world."

DOROTHY BREWSTER.

Home-front Enemies

THE DARK STAIN, *by Benjamin Appel. Dial.* $2.75.

OMINOUS signals of warning have made us aware that our native fascists still have high hopes for America. Upon what they base their hopes, Benjamin Appel's new novel has made clear: the high tension points of American life and the situations these in turn produce for fascist exploitation. And insofar as Mr. Appel helps to identify the enemy in his native haunts he has sharpened our senses, particularly in his insistence upon organized fascism as an active agent behind situations which a complacent man might dismiss as showing no trace of fascist inspiration. (The current agitation about the Bedford-Stuyvesant district in Brooklyn is a case in point.)

Primarily, I believe, Mr. Appel wanted to show us how the enemies of democracy *can* operate in this country. On the forty-third floor of a New York skyscraper, behind a glass-paneled door bearing the words "American Research Association," we find the top directorate of the American fascist movement. Here, unknown to or unhampered by the FBI, handsomely financed, controlling a nation-wide network of organizations and agents, are men planning the chaos from which they propose to "rescue" the country. In them Appel has given us a run-over of the most vicious and loathsome types of fascist mentality. In their tie-ups, program, and methods there is nothing that seems improbable now. And the idea of one secret, effective center of control for all the agents and committees in the field—a concentration of activity in which all the "chiselers" and small-time operators would be coordinated—has undoubtedly been a fond dream of men like Gerald L. K. Smith. In the novel, the "organization" is a fiction embedded in probabilities that are all too apparent. But I doubt the wisdom of putting this vital social material into the stereotyped framework of the action-adventure story.

True, the action story has recently taken a turn for the better. Given an enemy as resourceful and ruthless as the Nazis and as widely hated, it has been possible to write crackling espionage and detective stories that carry something more than the usual action punch, and that something is sound anti-fascist sentiment. (Consider Eric Ambler and Peter Cheyney.) In these stories characters that are well-defined and simply motivated can make plausible the most improbable sequence of events. But when Appel tries to harness his big subject to a plot mechanism which places emphasis on unforeseen complication, artificial suspense, and a furious drive for action, he has to make compromises with his subject all along the line. If *The Dark Stain* were stripped of minor characters and of everything which contributes collaterally to our knowledge of the subject, the plot would be a "natural" for an anti-fascist action story. And if the leading characters had been understated, instead of overplayed, he might have written a 250-page thriller and not lost what he must have hoped his plot would gain for him—the hair-raising tension which keeps a book in the reader's hands till the last page is reached.

THE technique of Appel's novel is in open contradiction to the demands of his subject. On the one hand, the maximum amount of impact is not wrung out of the action nor are the characters simple and clear. On the other hand, the novelist's devotion to reportorial detail does not move us profoundly or deepen our understanding of the critical situation of race conflict he has evolved.

The shooting of a Negro by a Jewish patrolman in Harlem has provided the opening the "organization" has been looking for. The object is to provoke a race riot: the first point on their immediate program is to smear the "dark stain" of racial discord over the land. Sam Miller has shot a crazed Negro against his will and better judgment, "swung along," as he later admits, by the appearance of another policeman on the street who knows only *one* way to handle such a situation. After the shooting Sam is under terrific pressure from all sides, the kind of pressure that

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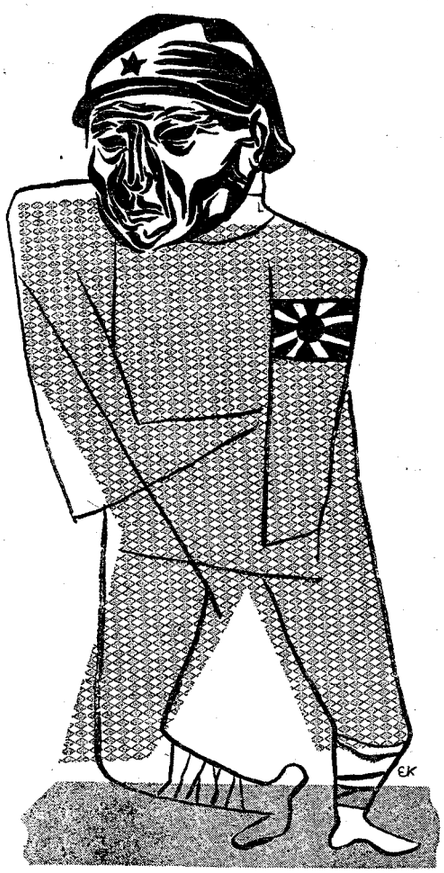
should crystallize something out of his vague but sincere liberalism. But Appel doubles the pressure on Sam through an unforeseen complication: his girl friend, Suzy Buckles—a tailor-made creation of pertness and light—is kidnapped by the organization after, well, let's say their first night together (Appel says it in a long paragraph of giddy prose).

After this awful wallop, Sam staggers through the rest of the book, groping blindly for his enemies. His dogged persistence in playing "private dick," it is true, helps to hamstring the plans of the fascists, though all they really can do in Harlem is to pull wires and pass out money, since they have no mass support. We do see Sam relying on the support of the trade unions, and the people of Harlem rallying against the provocations. But I object to the way the novelist dramatizes Sam's anguish and sends him in punchdrunk against the fascists. Sam is no action-story hero: he has walked into the story out of real life, but the reader is never given the opportunity to learn much through Sam's experience. While Sam is reeling through Harlem, the reader picks up a lot of incidental information (Sam's sensations, for example, in a room filled with marihuana fumes), but Sam remains an agent of the action, not a man who is vitally acted upon.

On the other side is Bill Trent, the organization's contact man for its Harlem operations. Bill Trent is a study in the rapid disintegration of a disordered personality. Appel has studied this character thoroughly, though his development to the point where he becomes one of the better paid fascist agents is found in another book. Trent's acceptance of fascism is identified with that part of his personality that has been split off from the real world. By chance he has been thrust into a situation which will demand too much of his psychotic instability. Under the pressure of his Harlem assignment he deteriorates completely, and Appel writes an appropriate *finis* to Bill Trent. But because of the full and convincing analysis of his collapse, as a special study Trent overshadows other characters, which, in a novel of this kind, is an awkward advantage. Aside from the light Trent throws on the relations between higher-ups and agents in the organization, the terms of their association, the internecine hatreds and envies, it seems to me to be a mistake to concentrate the chief psychological drama in the life of a fascist. Bill Trent's morbid affliction and its effect on his wife is the product of a much more trenchant analysis of emotions than the story of Sam's strenuous exertions in behalf of Suzy Buckles.



The other fascists in the novel—Heney, Hayden, Darton—are aggressive, confident, and aware; the rigidity of their hatreds is matched by the flexibility of their approaches and plans. But the characters around Sam, with one notable exception, are confused, for the most part not fully aware of the menace of fascism, groping for the answers. The legions of the Devil seem to be pitted against stubborn innocents.

Perhaps Appel can afford to release an overcharge of sensation in presenting monsters like Heney and Darton. We know enough about fascism to face the most shocking and subhuman types with no incredulity. Yet I should like to see the balance restored in the favor of sanity through the character of an inspiring leader of the Negro people, instead of the well-meaning but often ineffectual "moderate" Clair. Why do so few novelists put into their books some of the sanity, the great intellect and grandeur of character for which anti-fascist leaders throughout the world are known?

Perhaps Appel is insisting in his novel that the thing now is for us to understand what our little Hitlers are up to. Nonetheless it is an urgent necessity to realize that a novel cannot make, with the same effectiveness, such points against fascism as a book like *Undercover*. The value of *The Dark Stain* as "exposure" can never be as great as that of a factual report; its documentation could only serve to deepen our respect for the novelist's understanding of the human beings who are projected, so to speak, by his reading of the documents. We do not now require nightmarish por-

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traits of the depraved specimens who gravitate into the fascist underworld so much as the full account of their development; and I believe that we need even that less than we do the exposition of the way in which human resistance is effectively organized against fascism and what has compelled men to fight against it in all countries.

ALAN BENOIT.

Songs of the People

WAR POEMS OF THE UNITED NATIONS, *edited by Joy Davidman.* Dial. $3.00.

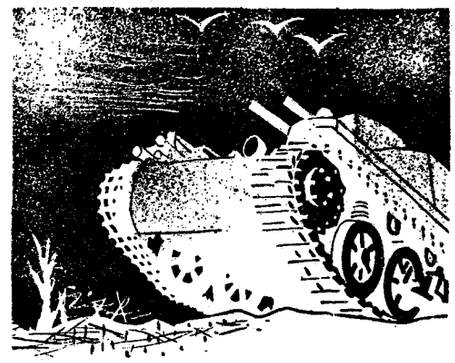
HERE is a book that's long overdue—a poetic compendium of the fury and torture and hope of the world at war. Joy Davidman has assembled poems from more than twenty nations, poems that speak in many different styles, poems first spoken in many different languages. The voices of bled Europe are here, the voice of China, the USSR, the British empire, and the United States.

Almost without exception, the poems in this collection have remarkable intensity. The incredible hot terror that is merged into the everyday life of Europeans today, the almost endless dreariness, and the patient, organized, realistic courage—these are reflected over and over. From Czechoslovakia, Norway, Poland, and other countries—here are some poems that first saw printer's ink in the tiny underground papers ingeniously distributed by the thousands in all the occupied countries. If ever the question has been asked (and it has!) "But what is poetry *good for?*" the answer is most clearly provided by these works. "Poems are an integral part of the underground movements in the occupied countries of Europe," says the editor of this anthology. "Their poetry is poetry of the people, and has enormous influence." The flaring hate engendered for fascism, the sense of solidarity, the emotional motors set going in one's heart by some of these poems must be of tremendous value to human beings of a half-crushed Europe.

The poetry of anti-fascist Germans is included, poems from anti-fascists in Vichy France, and poems about the war in Spain —when in the minds of many muddled Americans, who understand today what it was the Spaniards and the Internationals accomplished in the late thirties, fighting off Nazis was a new and confused idea. And Latin America's long-neglected literature is given here some forty pages to demonstrate with what clarity and fire Latin Americans can write poetry of this war.

It is unfortunate that for lack of time it was impossible to procure work from the poets of Yugoslavia, Greece, Belgium, Holland, and Italy, but this will undoubtedly be made up for in magazines and periodicals as the poems of these countries become available to editors.

Poems from the Soviet Union include



little-known work of writers from Azerbaidzhan, Latvia, the Tartar Republic, Turkmenistan, Kazakhstan, and other parts of the Union. It was an excellent service on the editor's part to bring these unfamiliar poets to America's attention. All the poems in the USSR section breathe the swift, solid, fighting spirit that the Red Army, drawing its resources from all these nationalities and more, has demonstrated so thrillingly to the world. The courage is here; the love of nature too. To an American poetry reader's ear many of these poems will suffer stylistically from a flatness of rendering, from cliche—a fault that may come from uninspired translation.

The United States has lengthy representation, and this section is enough to give one hopes that our poetry drought will yet end. Among these, Stephen Vincent Benet's "Dear Adolph" provides a fine example of how drama-poetry for radio can do an extremely useful job. It covers a number of angles—including the Negro question, the woman question, and Axis propaganda. Two other poems, "Second Avenue," by Robert Whittington, and "David Today," by Alexander Laing, are deeply-felt poetic answers to anti-Semitism, the first one thick and rich, the second clean and sharp. Although the selection of one poet for special mention is an arbitrary matter of personal tastes, the work of Sidney Alexander in this section seems unusually fine in images and clarity.

Clarity, in fact, is a keynote in this anthology. Nothing that is too highly involuted and "charmingly" vague is included. People are speaking here about their lives as they are being lived; and the living is unbearably hard. But the hope and courage are taller and broader than the hard living, and the poems speak them plain. Subjects range from zoos in wartime to guerrilla warfare, and styles from imaginative imagery to the dignity of great simplicity. An outstanding example of the latter is provided by Bobbie Patrick, Negro woman domestic worker, whose "Tomorrow" tells of simple wants that are deep within, and states quietly the intention of having them satisfied.

Buy *War Poems of the United Nations* if you can. The pity is that a book like this can't sell for fifty cents.

LAWRENCE BARTH.

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SIGHTS and SOUNDS

MEET CARMEN JONES

Billy Rose's all-Negro opera is "a people's triumph.". . . Other stage fare not so felicitous. . . . Current movies.

CARMEN JONES, *a new libretto written by Oscar Hammerstein II to Bizet's music for "Carmen." Directed by Charles Friedman under the over-all supervision of Hassard Short; settings by Howard Bay. Presented by Billy Rose at the Broadway Theater.*

THIS is the most exhilarating and delightful thing that has happened to Broadway in a long time. With rich appreciation for their verve and creativeness, Oscar Hammerstein wrote the libretto about Negroes for Negro players: it is not possible to imagine the new *Carmen* done in white. It is not only a wonderful artistic triumph, it is a people's triumph; above all *the* people's triumph. I participated and was happy in the joy of the audience. But *Carmen Jones* gave us not only lavish evidence of the talent of the Negro people, it also reminded us that we have deliberately kept it from view and normal exhibition. I heard many ask each other variants of, "Why don't we have more plays with colored casts?" And the reply always was, "We must have more." Those of us who remember our great hope at the Negro *Macbeth* and the other productions of the Negro wing of the Federal Theater will know that this generous directive to the theater cannot be carried through in much greater pace than our national progress toward equal opportunity for all. The cast of *Carmen Jones* like Paul Robeson in *Othello* makes eloquent argument for haste.

Hammerstein has closely followed the story line of Meilhac and Halevy's adaptation of Prosper Merimee's novel. But the new locale of the opera is a Southern Negro community and the characters and action are indigenous to it. The cigarette factory is now a parachute plant; there is a Negro company guarding it against sabotage, though happily unable to guard it against Carmen Jones; there is an admirable win-the-war spirit once more compromised only by that incandescent gal who dupes Corporal Joe into going AWOL to Chicago even while she is pursuing the champ heavyweight fighter, Husky Miller; there is a night club, a country club, and finally, the fight stadium before which Carmen looks death straight in the eye. Retaining Bizet's brilliant score intact, Hammerstein has written wonderfully lucid, American-talk lyrics to its melodies. "Dat's Love" for the "Habanera," "Dere's a Cafe on the Corner" for the "Seguidilla," "Stan' Up and Fight" for the "Toreador Song," "Dat Ol' Boy" for the "Card Song," and a most amusing production number, "Whizzin' Away Along de Track," for the famous quintet.

THE members of the large cast take to this life with huge enjoyment. Many of them, including the principals, have never walked a stage before; but one and all, they comport themselves with the most beautiful ease and gracefulness. They are every one so enormously accomplished. With a bow to Eugene Loring, they dance furiously, comically, satirically, at home in every mood and style. They sing deeply, lightly, tragically, in whatever manner Robert Shaw, their choral director, requires, and always with great clarity of diction. Imagine understanding every word of an opera! It never happened to me before.

And make no mistake, there are remarkably beautiful voices among them. The three principal roles are provided with alternate singers. Carmen is played by Muriel Smith or Muriel Rahn. Joe is sung by Luther Saxon or Napoleon Reed. Cindy Lou, the Micaela of the earlier libretto, is sung by Carlotta Franzell or Elton J. Warren. I heard the first three of these and I certainly hope to hear their alternates. Miss Smith, who has never been on the stage before, plays and sings Carmen in a way that would have killed Calve or Mary Garden with envy. She is everything that is Carmen: beautiful, lithe, tempestuous, playful, dangerous, sultry, irresistible, coarse, fiery. She has no grand opera voice—perhaps only Miss Franzell's measures that large—but she sings with enjoyable naturalness. Miss Franzell, another absolute newcomer to any stage, sings and acts like a great lady of the theater. She conveys a striking wholeness of personality, giving the impression of deep dignity and inner balance and emotional power. Luther Saxon, who was discovered working in the Philadelphia Navy Yard as a checker and was, of course, without previous stage experience, is a splendid acting foil for Carmen, but he sings Joe perhaps a little too stiffly to match the free style of the others. Glenn Bryant, a man-mountain with a stirring basso whom you simply have to see to believe, plays Husky Miller. This is his first bow on any stage and if the New York Police Department, from which he is on leave, tries to reclaim him, we ought to vote the city administration out. Jessica Russell and June Hawkins are a pair of wonderful voices and June's hips have a language all their own. There are so many other wonderful people whom I should like to tell about, like Cosy Cole, the demon drummer who dominates the bachannale, and Jack Carr and the team of Tyler and Montgomery—but perhaps, another time.

Under Hassard Short's mastership, Raoul Pene duBois has contributed to costume the show in the gayest symphony, with Howard Bay's architecturally airy, athletic sets: yellows and greens with Carmen's red shawl for contrast in the sunlit factory scene; a pallette of blues and purples in Billy Pastor's purple cafe—a most beautiful set, thrillingly lighted by Short for one of the swiftest bachannale dances that has ever interrupted my breathing; and for the tragic finale, black and white costumes against the suddenly exposed transparency of the red interior of the stadium with Husky Miller winning his fight on an inclined ring just as Joe knifes Carmen to death. The orchestra is under the able direction of Joseph Littau. It is regrettable that it should be lily-white.

The impresario of this tremendous

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show is Billy Rose. To him, my homage for his imagination and enterprise. One last salute to Charles Friedman, who directed superbly, and to John Hammond, Jr. who helped find this arsenal of talent.

The whole event is deeply significant and a great story and I hope only the beginning of a greater one.

HARRY TAYLOR.

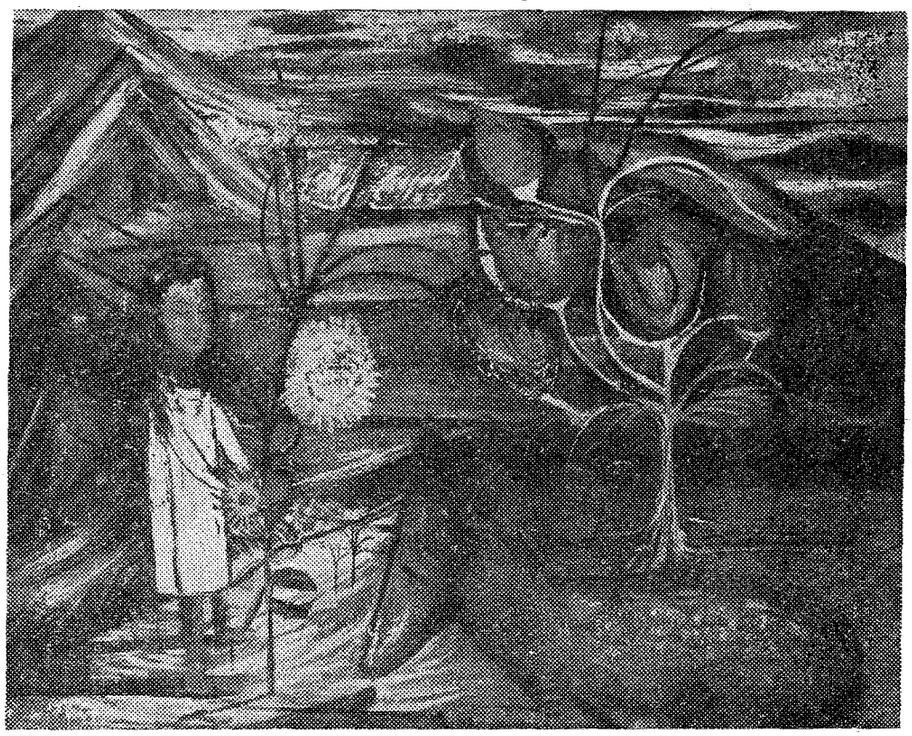
★

LOVERS AND FRIENDS, *a new play by Dodie Smith, staged at the Plymouth Theater by Guthrie McClintic, with settings by Motley. Presented by Katherine Cornell and John C. Wilson.*

THE big puzzle of this play is not so much the involuted plot, as why such theater-wise people as Katherine Cornell and Raymond Massey chose to chew its stale innards in this period of electric life. Cornell is a very great actress indeed. It would be sad at any time to see her intelligence, comic gift and emotional power wasted; it is sadder to see them surrendered in a day that could use her best. For a woman who might have had any play on the market, she has cheated herself and all of us.

Dodie Smith's rummage is very much like a dim revival of something you forgot back in the very dead twenties. It has five characters exclusive of the maid and five love complications—if you can conceive this cross-patch. Centrally, it is about a middle-aged couple abiding in contented boredom, who suddenly amble out for what never gets beyond decorous inhalations of the indecorous air down wind, and then return to the old stable feeling luckier and smugger than ever. Cornell tries vainly to wring a dram of palpitative agony out of the situation of the wife who is distressed to think that her husband and his income may leave home. The best she can do is to demonstrate her skill in varying the dithery mood of the role. Massey, however is unable to play about with the tiresomely adolescent quality of the husband who tries to be honest with his wife and the girl. The girl is presented as a humorless stick of a person and nothing in the characterization or the direction prepares us for the author's abrupt charge that the girl is a pathological liar. Since this sudden discovery catalyzes the ferment, we feel as completely sold as we would by a bad mystery story. All this very English tea leaks slowly through two of the most wearying sets I have seen this season, a colored picture postcard of Regent's Park and a drawing room which finally becomes so offensively dull, I wanted to kick it around.

During the proceedings, one of the characters hurls the cinammon toast out of the window. It is to be hoped that Cornell will rise above the box-office, throw the play after the toast, and return to us with honest bread of the theater.



Tschacbasov: "The Fruits of the Earth," on view at the ACA Gallery until December 18.

THE WORLD'S FULL OF GIRLS, *dramatized by Nunnally Johnson from the novel by Thomas Bell. Presented and staged by Jed Harris at the Royale Theater. Settings by Stewart Chaney.*

THE report is that Bell's book *Till I Come Back to You* has been done to death in an incredible assault by Mr. Johnson, abetted and aided by Jed Harris. What might have been an important anti-fascist play is no play at all, but an unloving exhibit of the deceased's raiment and ornaments. The environmental pressure which Bell describes, and to which he attributes the unpleasant qualities of the large Bridges family, is here totally absent and we merely have a collection of neurotic, quarrelsome people parading their japeries meaninglessly before us. The juxaposition of Miley, who knows why we must win this war and Edward, the Christian-Fronter who knows why we must lose it, a conflict which builds to a strong climax in the book, is here wholly frittered away and lost among a wearisome batch of vaudeville turns. There is, indeed, no center, no recognizable theme in the play. Johnson and Harris have filled the evening with unrelated characters and vulgarities stripped of Bell's charm; everything is played for a laugh, even a returned marine who was mutilated at Guadalcanal. True, there is some good anti-fascist talk, but it is not integrated into the action and is therefore extraneous and without power.

Amazing how one so highly capable as Johnson could have turned out such a wretched script. Crudely manipulating his comic strip people, he keeps us waiting all through the first act for a clue to the play; in the second act, he loses Miley's girl Sally in an unresolved exit, creates a thoroughly synthetic scrap for a phony climax, and brings the curtain down ten minutes later on a wholly irrelevant and embarrassing attempt by the fascist to fondle daughter Florrie's breasts; in the third act, he brings Miley and Sally to bed, but this event is unrelated to the rest of the play and has neither dramatic nor sentimental quality.

Jed Harris has given the play his hurried worst. This is not only reflected in its ridiculous construction for which he must bear some responsibility, but in the style of the production and the nervous laughter that comes in the wrong places. His players suffer from his carelessness, especially Virginia Gilmore who might have made a fine Sally with the sort of direction she received in *Those Endearing Young Charms*. Berry Kroeger acts Miley with a queer awkwardness and astonishingly sexless in his love scenes. Charles Lang is the fascist and is the only actor who manages to convey a feeling of total personality. H. T.

P.S. As we go to press the news comes that all future performances will take place at Cain's warehouse.

Three Films

Wit and woman . . . Mickey Rooney . . . "Cross of Lorraine."

"WHAT A WOMAN," the Music Hall's second attempt to find an attraction that could measure up to *Lassie Come Home*, is shopworn merchandise. They've

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given the article a new name, added a novel jape or two, but no one will be deceived. It comes out *She Married Her Secretary* all over again. Perhaps, if you don't choose to remember, you can get something of the quality of said *Secretary* from the immortal catchline it occasioned: "She married her secretary—He wouldn't take dictation, but she liked his type."

It's a pity to have to consume space and printer's time with reviewing such pish-posh. Rather than valid entertainment, *What a Woman* would make an unpleasant but interesting clinical study for someone with a complete set of scalpels and enough leisure on his hands. For under its integument of second-rate jibes, I suspect you'd find as complete a case of male chauvinism as can be encountered in these advanced days. An investigator might very well begin by considering the status of Miss Rosalind Russell, who is the "woman" of this Columbia production.

Miss Russell presents a definite problem to her studio. An intelligent actress, her forte is making with the quips, machine-gun style. But she's not the type that boosts sweater sales. That's a quandary for you. The studio's solution is always the same. "Let's make her a *man* of the world. Put her at the head of a glorified bra business. Of course, she'll be slightly ridiculous, but that's where half the laughs come in." Katherine Hepburn confronted RKO with a similar situation. *Woman of the Year* was the outcome. The formula followed was exactly the same. Hepburn, the toughest commentator going, spoke flawless politicalese, but where's your heart, my dear?

Now you've set her up in business, see? (In *What a Woman* it's the talent scout racket.) Russell's going strong. Just like a real executive. *Even worse.* Then along comes a guy, *the* guy. (This is beginning to sound more and more like last week's *No Time for Love.* Are you sure there's been no mistake?—Ed.) *This* man she can't break. He plays hard to get. Lil' by lil' she's chopped down to size and so forth "through the years."

It's all in fun and only runs an hour and a half. But in that mere ninety minutes the following choice prejudices have been advanced: (1) When women folk do enter the business world there's no holding them. It goes to their pretty little heads. Dehumanizes them. (2) Until Mr. Pants shows up. He's usually not very bright. Doesn't have to be. That would spoil the moral. It's got to be plain MAN. *What a Woman* varies the mode only slightly. Brian Ahearne, Russell's this time *homme fatale,* is assistant managing editor of *Knickerbocker Magazine* and does up the profiles of visiting firemen. (3) MAN learns her. In some way, no one bothers explaining how, it being in the nature of a prejudice not to require substantiation, men can always maintain a balance between the urgings of the heart and the demands of the work-a-day world. But not dames. You may make a million, but you'll have to take your ale and skittles alone.

By CONTRAST with the hopped-up calculations of *What a Woman,* MGM's *Girl Crazy* (songs and lyrics by George and Ira Gershwin, screenplay by Fred F. Finklehoffe; director, Norman Taurog) will be found restful, and innocence itself; restful, that is, until Busby Berkeley's rodeo spectacle arrives to remind us that his employers have put a lot of jack into the production.

The narrative of this particular musical is no less absurd than any other, but the competence of the principals—Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland—and supporting players, and the fact that the proceedings have been deliberately pitched on the level of a wholesome *Our Gang* comedy, make for a large degree of tolerance.

The Gershwin tunes and lyrics stand up marvelously well. For some reason or other, miseducation perhaps, this reviewer is always surprised by their excellence. I should know by now. Other items that make *Girl Crazy* a good risk are Rooney and Garland's first duet, performed off the set for a welcome change. Scene, a dusty country road, a wheezy jalopy the only prop in sight. True sunlight and the limitations of a natural setting could go a long way toward restraining the extravagances of many a musical. Welcome also is Rooney's eight-mile hike to the site of his banishment—Cody's College of Agriculture and Mining; the tremendously amusing close-up of Rooney—practically all pug nose—the morning of his first day at school; and last, Miss Garland's way with a song, considerably less brassy than heretofore, and correspondingly more effective.

By THE time the printer has set up this review of *Cross of Lorraine* (MGM, directed by Tay Garnett; screenplay by Michael Kanin, Ring Lardner, Jr., Alexander Esway, and Robert D. Andrews; story by Hans Habe), the film will be playing third run theaters. Not that this department was remiss in its coverage. It's simply that the powers that preside over motion picture destiny evidently did not consider *Cross of Lorraine* worthy of an opening in a major Broadway house. A cruel mistake. The film deserves better than that. We are therefore asking our readers not to permit the manner of *Cross of Lorraine's* release to affect their patronage.

Mobilization Day, 1939 France, serves to introduce to us the characters of the film's all-male cast. The breakthrough at Sedan in '40 follows and Petain gives the order to lay down arms. The men are wracked by their confusions—some wish

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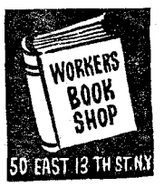

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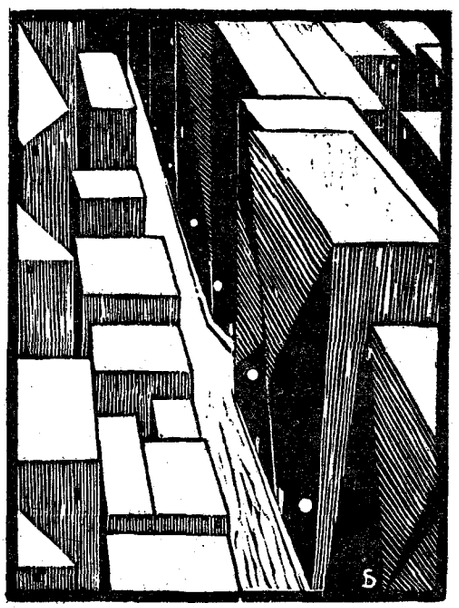
to continue the fight, but, in general, profound fatalism prevails. As Paul (Pierre Aumont) puts it: "We lost the war in 1870. Came back in 1914. Well, we've lost the war this time. So we'll win the next. It's a law of nature. Let's get back to France and start preparing." But Rodriguez (Joseph Calleia) has fought in Spain. He's met the Nazis before. He realizes that if the Nazis win there will never be a France again. In the concentration camps of Germany—the defeated had been assured immediate repatriation—Rodiguez's comrades achieve his understanding via the whip, solitary confinement, and the systematized starvation.

Cross of Lorraine is Hollywood's first genuine handling of one of the grimmest symbols of the fascist way—the concentration camp. There have been other films to touch on the subject for a moment perhaps more brilliantly, but in none is the theme as central, or the treatment as thorough and as doggedly honest. And that's an accomplishment not to be minimized.

It is regrettable that somewhere around the second third of the picture, the plot involvement of Hans Habe's original gets to be too much for the scenarists to handle. Less dependence in this case on the original might have been beneficial. But always present are the endless degradation and horror of concentration-camp existence to restore meaning to the narrative—the last and bitter fruits of appeasing the fascists. From a filmic viewpoint—direction, performance, the score, etc.—you will not find first-class realization of the subject's possibilities. But better a thousand times the half-success of a *Cross of Lorraine* than the pre-digested cynicism of *What a Woman*. The applause that broke out from the crowd of vaudeville goers at Loew's State on the conclusion of *Cross of Lorraine* would convince the makers of the film that they haven't labored in vain.

DANIEL PRENTISS.



Bloch and Mahler

THE recent concert by the New York Philharmonic Symphony "dedicated to the sufferings of oppressed peoples" did not measure up to the opportunities of the occasion. Ernest Bloch's "Three Jewish Poems" opened the program and as on previous hearings proved rather disappointing. Many of the passages are quite beautiful and touching, but the whole is weaker than its parts, for the passages generally lead nowhere. Moreover, the three poems as a whole show relatively little contrast in mood and tempo, a condition that is not remedied by the programmatic remarks of the composer which are steeped in mysticism. Finally the "Funeral Procession" hardly arouses in the listener a feeling of tragedy but rather surrounds him with the wails and moans of professional mourners.

These "Poems" were conducted with sensitivity, sincerity, and strength by the twenty-five-year-old conductor, Leonard Bernstein.

The second symphony ("Resurrection Symphony") of Gustav Mahler, the German-Czech-Jewish composer, conducted by Artur Rodzinski, formed the other half of the program. It continued the general atmosphere of mysticism, but on the level of a nostalgic Austrian *gemuetlichkeit*. It is the music of a kindly, sensitive, cultured central European esthete whose emotions, while never ugly or crude, are also never too intense or profound. His music has a very distinct but not very strong character.

In the first movement, Mahler portrays by means of charming themes and tender phrases the rather untragic "death of his hero." In the last movement, by means of a large chorus and soloists, extra brasses, and extra percussion instruments, he tries to depict with an almost brutal force the glories of a resurrection. However, between these movements he has two very charming "interludes" in which he enjoys the real world in which he lives. They cannot deny their musical dependence upon the Austrian *Laendler*, but the precious manner in which Mahler treats his themes and the sophisticated though tasteful orchestration in which he embeds them saps their vitality. Contrast this with the way Beethoven intensifies the vitality of those folk or folk-like themes. But like most mystics who glorify the hereafter while enjoying the best of this material world, neither of Mahler's portrayals is quite convincing.

A program steeped in mysticism is hardly the kind of a thing to dedicate to the sufferings of the oppressed peoples in the present war. It is they, least of all, who are concerned with the mysteries of death. Nor are they interested in some nebulous "resurrection" after death as portrayed by Mahler.

PAUL ROSAS.

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PROGRESSIVE'S ALMANAC

December

16—Physicians Committee Russian War Relief. Film "Experiments in Revival." Concourse Plaza Hotel, 161st St. and Grand Concourse, Bronx.

17—School For Democracy. Showing of Soviet film "Experiments in Revival." Dr. I. M. Tarlov, speaker, 13 Astor Pl., New York, 8:30 P.M.

18—Furriers Joint Council. Third Annual Concert and Dance. Proceeds Army Welfare Fund. Webster Hall, 119 E. 11th St., New York. Cass Carr, 9 P.M.

19—L'Unita' del Popolo. Rally for free Italy. Earl Browder, Emile Bure, Speakers. Cooper Union. New York. 2 P.M.

19—The Saturday Forum Group. Dr. Charles Kuntz of Vienna University, Pres. of Icor. "The Jews in the Postwar Perspective." City Center, 130 W. 56th St., New York, 8 P.M.

19—School for Democracy. Prof. Charles Lightbody. "Struggle for Democracy in the Western Hemisphere." Folk Dancing. 13 Astor Pl., New York, 8:30 P.M.

19—National Council of American-Soviet Friendship. "America's Sake in Polish-Soviet Collaboration." Sen. Tunnell, Corliss Lamont, Prof. Lange and others. Town Hall, New York, 7:30 P.M.

20—Borough Park Committee Russian War Relief. Rowena Meyer on the siege of Moscow. Menorah Temple, 5000 14th Ave., Brooklyn.

22—Reichstag Fire Trial Anniversary Committee. Tenth Anniversary Commemoration burning of Reichstag. Carnegie Hall, 57th St. and 7th Ave., New York, 8:30 P.M.

24—Veterans of the Lincoln Brigade. Annual Christmas Ball. Hazel Scott, Teddy Wilson, Cass Carr. Manhattan Center, New York.

26—Joint Anti-Fascist Committee. Fun for Freedom. Stars of stage and screen. Benefit anti-fascist prisoners. Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St., New York.

31—(New Years Eve) New Masses Annual New Years Eve Ball. Stars from "Something for the Boys," "A Touch of Venus," and other shows. Don Wilson and his Harlem Hepcats. Webster Hall, 119 East 11th St., New York.

January

10—Communist Party, N. Y. State. Lenin Memorial Meeting. Madison Square Garden, New York. 7:30 P.M.

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